JOHN BULL, AUGUST 9, 1930
TWOPENCE.

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

No. 1260.
Vol. XLVIII.

TWICE AS NICE
AT HALF THE PRICE

BOVRIL
SANDWICHES

A 4 oz. Bottle of Bovril
makes 100 Sandwiches

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.
SELL Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 3, Thomas St., Manchester.

52-PAGE W'sale Drapery Catalogue, also 16-page A.B.C. direct from actual manfrs., free to Shopkeepers and Beginners. Example of prices: Shirts 18/11 doz. Other bargains in stock.—Wolfson, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 69, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

FREE ILLUSTRATED LIST for Dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery, Hosiery, Haberdashery (Wholesale only).—Levy Bros., Dept. R., 39, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

PROFITABLE GOODS to Sell in your spare time, every kind, good profits; 192-p. Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

TO MARKETMEN, Shopkeepers, etc.—Drapery, 60 kinds of good clean Remnants, Ladies', Gent.'s, and Children's Underwear, Overalls, Hosiery, Piece Goods, Bedding, &c. Also exceptional choice in Ladies', Gent.'s and Children's Raincoats. Best qualities, low prices. No rubbish. Send to-day for our new free list. H. Southwell, Halifax Rd., Todmorden.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

AGENTS (both sexes) wanted for line which sells on sight, half profit, good bonus, earn £3 weekly; repeat orders come automatically. Send p.c. to Carter, Coupe and Co. (Dept. J.B.), North Street, Bedminster, Bristol, for full particulars to start straight away. Write NOW!

EARN GOOD MONEY in your spare time.—Agents wanted to form 1s. weekly clubs for every kind of Household Goods, Clothing, Boots etc., etc.; no outlay, no expense. Wonderful bargains on easy terms. Splendid Cash Commission. Send for particulars and you will be delighted with the result. The NATIONAL BENEFIT STORES, LTD. (Dept. A.), Pollard Street, Ancoats, Manchester.

A BUSINESS of your own! John Noble's want Organisers of 1/- weekly clubs in all districts. Big com. Marvellous bargains in Fashions, Furniture, Footwear, Bedding, Outfitting, etc. Send P.C. NOW for catalogues and full parties. —John Noble, Ltd. (Dept. A7), Manchester.

XMAS Club Agents wtd.; Chocolate, Cigarettes, Fancy Goods; highest comm.; suite of furniture free. Catalogues, etc., from Club Supplies, Ltd., 1, Bird-in-Hand Court, Cheapside, London.

XMAS CLUBS.—AGENTS WANTED. Chocolate, Cigarettes, Toys, Fancy Goods, Bedding, Jewellery, Novelties. Highest Cash Commission. Illustrated Booklet. Price Lists, full particulars, G. W. Watson, Dept. A., Chocolate Box, Lands Lane, Leeds.

AGENTS wanted to form Xmas Clubs, Chocs., cutlery, cigs., toys, fancy goods; good com., no outlay. Send for illus. list.—Regent Confectionery Co., Stanningley, Leeds.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED.—Chocolates, Toys, Drapery, etc. Highest commission. Write for catalogue and self-filling fountain pen FREE. GILSTON (112), Summerville, Bradford.

A SENSATION in Commission. Free Gifts. Agents wanted. Xmas Clubs, Toys. Enterprise Confectionery Co., Thornton Road, Bradford.

FREE. 20,000 GIFTS
TO ALL GENUINE XMAS AGENTS.
LARGEST Cash Commission, also cash bonus. Chocolates, Cigarettes, Presents, Gifts, Xmas Novelties. 300 Lines illustrated. Genuine Goods sold only. Write for Catalogue, terms and Free Gift. MORRIS BROS., 21, Clifton St., Bradford.

XMAS CLUBS.—Chocolates, Cigarettes, Toys, Fancy Goods, Spare-time Agents wanted. Excellent Commission. Art Catalogue and Particulars Free. SAMUEL DRIVER, LTD., BURTON ROAD, LEEDS.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED to distribute FREE 1-lb. Boxes Hillaby's Liquorice Allsorts. Highest Commission. P.C. brings Cat., 500 lines. ALL XMAS GOODS. Valuable prizes.—HOPF-BRAND, 9, BREARTON STREET, BRADFORD.

XMAS CHOC. CLUBS.—Agents wanted. Good terms. Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Fry's, Terry's, etc. Write now for Art Coloured Cat., MATHERS, Dept. J., 192, Chorley Old Road, Bolton, Lancs.

XMAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS.—Agents wanted to form clubs for Xmas. No Outlay. Largest Cash Commission. Particulars and Catalogue Free.—Kightly, Bulwell, Nottingham.

CLUB AGENTS.—10s. cheque given to all Applicants for our Free Art Catalogue. Highest Commission yet offered. Thousands Free Gifts. Biggest Cash Prizes and Biggest Free Gift to every Agent. No substitutions guaranteed. No late deliveries.—Midland Confectionery Co., Dept B43, Shipley.

CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS WANTED to sell Private Christmas Cards. Sample Book of Lovely Designs supplied free. Latest in Novelty Cards. HIGHEST COMMISSION. BEAUTIFUL PRIZES.—Apply, O. DENTON & CO., LTD., Dept. D.15, Accrington

LARGEST Cash Commission. Free presents to every agent, also Gold Watches given, value £4 4s. Xmas Club Agents Wanted.—Dennis & Co., D. E., Colne, Lancs.

A.1 AGENTS required for Xmas Cards, 18/- in the £ Comm. with Presents. Sample Book Free. Carriage Paid.—Bradford Publishing Co., Parkgate, Bradford.

AGENTS WANTED. CHRISTMAS CARDS. GET THE FAMOUS "SNOWBALL" BOOK OF CALENDARS AND FLORAL AND OTHER CARDS WITH MUSICAL GREETINGS. SOMETHING NOVEL. BOOK OF EXQUISITE SAMPLES FREE. ENROL NOW. TREMENDOUS AND OVERWHELMING DEMAND.—MINSTER PRESS, PRESTON.

YOU can earn £10 to £20 by running Walker's Reliance Xmas Club for Chocs. and Fancy Goods. Best makes only. Noodler's, Cadbury's, Rowntree's, Terry's, etc. Highest comm. Send for Catlg. to 37a, Rowland St., Bradford.

A BALMORAL BOOK OF PRIVATE CHRISTMAS CARDS AWAITS EVERY ENTERPRISING AGENT. MOST WONDERFUL ORDER-GETTER PUBLISHED. MAGNIFICENT COLLECTION OF ORIGINAL NOVELTIES IN CALENDARS, PHOTOGRAVURES, JEWELLED AND PICTURE CARDS. BOOKS FREE. HIGHEST COMMISSIONS AND PRIZES. WRITE NOW TO STEWARTS, DEPT. A., COMMERCIAL MILLS, BLACKBURN.

XMAS CLUB AGENTS.—Highest Cash Commission. Art Catalogue and full particulars free. Chocolates, Cutlery, Games.—SAMUEL ELLIOTT (Dept. J.B.), STEPHEN WORKS, CHESTERFIELD.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 27s.
Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.
Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

SOMETHING OUT OF THE ORDINARY.—The 1930 "City" Series of Private Christmas Greeting Cards is different, and enterprising Agents should write for particulars at once. Encouraging commission. Sample Book FREE. —Apply, Dept. 5, Private Xmas Card Mfg. Co., City Works, Blackfriars St., Manchester.

AGENTS wtd. Xmas Choc., Cig., Toys and Fancy Goods. Leading makes only. List and Cat. free.—R. Miller, 4L, Edmund St., Bradford, Yorks.

THE ONLY XMAS CLUB offering Hire Purchase Terms Require Agents. Splendid selection Choc., Toys, Fancy Goods, 124-page Cat. and complete Outfit in Fitted Fibre Writing Case Free to every agent. Partic. Free.—The "Shield" Xmas Club., Dept. 12, Bradford.

2,000 AGENTS WANTED (EITHER SEX). MOST WONDERFUL CHANGE in Christmas Cards. Quicker Profit. Sure as a weekly wage. Information worth ££'s to every OLD AGENT, as well as NEW.—LANCASTER PUBLISHING CO. (Dept. 126), LANCASTER.

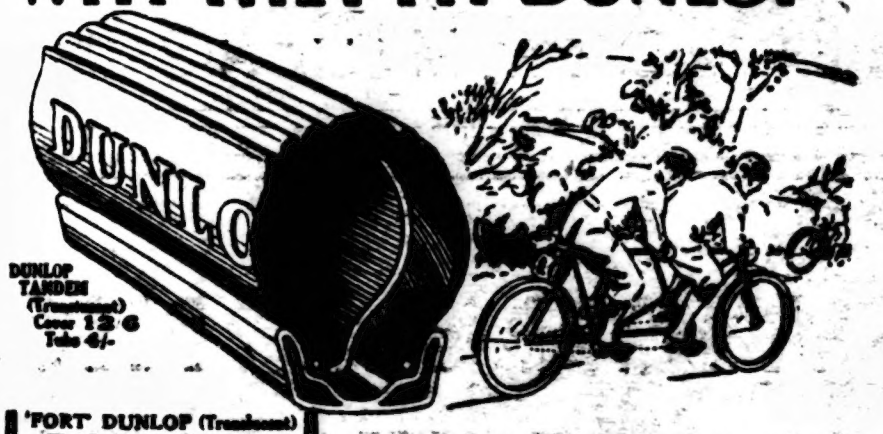
APPRENTICE CLERKSHIPS.
(60) Boys of good education, between 16½ and 17 years of age, required for training as clerks for the Royal Air Force. Thorough training given. Prospects and pay good. Examination held in London and provincial centres. Boys possessing recognised School Certificates entered direct without examination. Full particulars from Royal Air Force (Apprentice Clerks' Dept. J.B.), Gwydyr House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 86 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10. Welsh, 3/6. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts. Advice free. Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 89), 223, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph: Chancery 8113.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples of printing for all trades with list of 500 prices sent for 3d. postage.—Mead & Son, Room 69, Sandy, Beds.

WHY THEY FIT DUNLOP



'FORT DUNLOP (Translucent)
The Super Roadster Tyre
Cover 12/6 Tube 4/-

DUNLOP MAGNUM
A famous tyre wherever the cycle is used
Cover 10/6 Tube 3/9

DUNLOP ROADSTER
The standard tyre equipment of the high-grade bicycle
Cover 8/11 Tube 3/6

WARWICK
A "quality" cover at a popular price
Cover 7/3 Tube 2/9

DUNLOP CAMBRIDGE
Greatly improved
Cover 5/6 Tube 2/3

DUNLOP CLIPPER CARRIER
The ideal tyre for carrier work
Cover 7/6 Tube 3/-

DUNLOP CLIPPER SPORTS (Red)
A sporting cover for the sporting cyclist
Cover 6/11 Tube 3/-

DUNLOP ROAD RACING (Red)
The favourite choice for fast road work
Cover 7/11 Tube 3'6

THE TANDEM RIDER

The special conditions of Tandem riding demand a special tyre—Dunlop has provided it. In the Dunlop Tandem Tyre you obtain wonderful "life," strength and flexibility. Made of translucent rubber it has a ribbed tread—similar to the popular Dunlop Road Racing tread. Like all Dunlop Cycle tubes, the sectional joint of the Tandem tube is steam vulcanised, not merely stuck with solution, therefore, it is unaffected by any form of heat.

DUNLOP TANDEM TYRE

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LTD.
Fort Dunlop, Birmingham.
Branches throughout the World.
C.F.H. 199

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

AIRCRAFT APPRENTICES.
500 vacancies are now available for boys of good education (between 15 and 17 years of age on January 1, 1931), for training as skilled craftsmen. Good training, pay and prospects. Examination at local centres. Full particulars from Royal Air Force (Aircraft Apprentices' Dept., J.B.), Gwydyr House, Whitehall, London, S.W.1.

BUY Ladies' Silk Stockings to sell again to friends, etc. Over 50 p.c. profit on our lines. Large cat. & real silk shade card free. Largest, cheapest & best house in trade.—Nicksons, Manufacturers, Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 2½ lb. 5/6, for Socks, etc. White 3/4, Grey 3/10. Mixtures 4/11 lb., post free. Patts. Wools, Serges, Tweeds, etc. Egerton Burnetts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

SHEFFIELD-MADE "Pixie" Razor Blades. 1/- per dozen. Good terms to buying agents.—Dronfield Tool Co., Dronfield, Sheffield.

WALLPAPERS.—Beautiful designs at bargain prices can be seen in our pattern book; by far the largest published. See what you save by purchasing from the original mail order firm. This book is sent Post Free. — Blakey, Morris and Co. (London), Ltd., Dept. J., 12, London Road, Elephant, S.E.1.

RUG WOOL.—Blk. 6-ply 1/- lb., Cable 1/11, Chenille 6½d., Knitting 1d., 1½d., 2½d. oz. Guide and samples free.—Newcastle Wool Co., 169, New Bridge St., Dept. 71, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

FREEMANS CASH OR CREDIT
CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Linos, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest Stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency limited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

RAZOR Blades, finest steel. Gillette type, 1/- 3 dz. 2/9, both post free. Great Britain, Old Change, London, E.C.4. Buying Agents.

BALLOONS, Carnival Goods, Confetti. Lists free and a sample of the new Streamers.—Chasebin, 70-72, Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

CHEAPER WOOLS.—1d., 1½d., 2d. oz. Send 1/- Cable 1/9½ lb. 600 sqs. Illus. Guide Free.—Scotia Wools, 156, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

FLOOR-COVERING 99 sq. ft. (12 yds. 9 ins. wide) 19/-. Thicker than lino. Damp-proof, wear, No fastening. Exquisite designs. Send for free samples. J. B. Andreas & Sons, 7, Exeter Street, London, S.E.17.

THRILLING Inside Stories explaining how Famous Gangsters have been trapped and convicted. See TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. Revengence, Everywhere.

"MIRACLE" Wireless Sets for 5/-. Free Gift of Gramophone Pick-up to reader ordering within ten days. Send stamp at bottom of page 3 in a halfpenny envelope to World's Wireless Stores, Walton, Surrey.

A FREE illustrated Catalogue is offered by the BLANFORD TAILORING advt. on page

FREE.—John Bull readers are invited to send for a copy of the illustrated Ring Book of Bravington's, of King's Cross, London, W.1. A free insurance for goods is given with every ring sold for £1 and upwards. Mention John Bull when writing for your copy of the illustrated book.

FREE GIFT of Stockings with every purchase of a pair of Shoes. Try the Bluebird Brand at 2/11 per pair NOW! The Shoes can be obtained for 1/- down!

DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE, 25 costly home-made garments. Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Barrows, 16 Napkins, Vests, 3 Barrow Wool Coats, Nainsook, etc. Guaranteed the best. Over 2,000 testimonials received. Prove them best by sending 7/6 parcel on approval. Made to order.—Mrs. J. Mother with 18 years' experience, 66, Dover Rd., Portsmouth. Cash or Terms.

MUSICAL.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones etc. 5/- deposit, 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmer, 151, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES.—Latest Horns and Motors. Cat. free. Cash or terms. Record 6/12 models £3. Instructions 3d. J. B. [illegible], 185, High St., [illegible].

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct. Save middlemen's profits. Indian and Ceylon blended Empire blend, 6/-, 12 lb. 12/-. Standard blend, 4 lb. 10 lb. 13/-. No 1 dust, 7 lb. 5/-, 14 lb. Special dust, 7 lb. 6/-, 10 lb. 8/-. All carriage paid.—Pember & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

TEA AT WHOLESALE PRICES. MIDDLEMEN'S PROFITS. Indian and Ceylon Blends, 10 lb. 11/-, carriage paid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send trial order.—Portway Co., 72, Portway, London, E.15.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Arrico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases in a few hours, remove the very cause of the worm's existence. No fast, no dieting, no interference with usual habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Arrico Tablet Co., 24-28, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful; no straps, no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., (Dept. 88), Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stead Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy. 1/6 and 3/-. Backache, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure by Self-conquest sent privately for 3d. Mr. Rivers (J.B.), 39, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

CORNS and WARTS cured without pain or discomfort by CONJUROR, the Scientific treatment, post free 1/3.—Lyon Mfg. Co., All Saints Avenue, Willesden, N.W.10.

TEST "CICFA" FREE. Send your name and address, with the coupon appearing in the advt. on page 21, enclose 1½d. stamp, and receive a liberal sample of this Wonderful Zest for Indigestion.

On page 12 will be found particulars of an entirely new treatment for Varicose Veins, Muscular Weakness and similar troubles, which is prepared in tiny tablets and dissolved on the tongue, cures through the blood. A free sample is offered, together with a free descriptive booklet.

WRITE for a copy of "Hints to Mothers" booklet offered in the STEEDMAN'S advt. on page 27. It's FREE!

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Watches, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return.—Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London.

ANY kind 9/ct gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Uppethorpe Road, Lewisham.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FREE 7/6 NOVELS given to all readers joining within a month. A LIBRARY AT YOUR DOOR. A nine book at a time subscription costs only 3/6 and lasts a lifetime, exchanges a pleasure only. Send p.c. for special introductory offer No. 24.—Postal Library Service Ashburton House, New King's Road, S.W.6.

A FREE trial supply of "VEET" is offered in the advt. on page 31.

£100 FOR AN ANSWER TO A SIMPLE QUESTION! Great Free Competition open to all.—Cash prizes must be won. Full particulars in Evans' advertisement on page 3.

FREE.—Fill in the coupon in the "VALENTINE" advt. on page 21 for your copy of the interesting booklet, "The Charm of Childhood."

SIMPLY fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 25, enclose a 2d. stamp, and receive a free trial tube of "PALMOLIVE SHAVE CREAM."

A FREE trial tube of COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 21.

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I Guarantee your Satisfaction

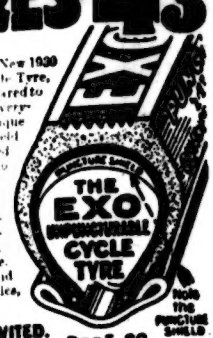
SHOP BY POST SAVE TIME AND MONEY

JOHN BULL'S Shop Window brings a Bargain Store to Your Door. These goods have been chosen for their outstanding quality and value. Study each offer carefully. Write your name and address clearly, send money and notes by registered post. Always mention JOHN BULL.

Only reliable and fair-dealing firms are allowed to display their goods in JOHN BULL'S Shop Window. You can buy from them as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under a strict guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full

READ HOW YOU ARE SAFEGUARDED

3/6 TYRES for 4/3



...most every cyclist to fit our New 1930 "UNPUNCTURABLE" Cycle Tyre, ...ly guaranteed to ... the lifetime of the ... at HALF-PRICE. ... every ... at 4/3. Fitted with Unique ... Shield—the only shield ... sure puncture defeat—or ... never ... nothing.

GUARANTEED FOR 2 YEARS. ... with thousands de... Thousands of ... Price 4/3. Post 9d. ... post paid. State size. ... EASY BACK TERMS. Send ... FREE catalogue of Cycles, ... Sundries, etc.

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DEPT 89.

...OORHOUSES, PADIHAM, LANCS

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A STATEMENT

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The earnest seeker of genuine spare-time employment is so often tricked by "fee-snatchers" that a plain straightforward statement seems necessary to introduce our Printed Stationery (Half Profit) Agency to JOHN BULL readers. The scheme is novel, yet almost everybody buys. The work appeals to either sex, and it can be operated in almost any locality, either in spare or whole time. No experience or special knowledge is necessary. Profits are big (50 per cent.) plus £2 bonus. Let us send you the whole outfit Free of Cost and without obligation, ready to earn you money the moment you receive it. Hundreds are making £3 to £5 per week—why not YOU? It costs nothing to investigate this genuine offer—just a p.c. with your name and address and Messrs. Carter, Coups and Co. (Dept. J.B.), Bedminster, Bristol, will send you everything gratis and post free. Write now!

BABY'S PRAM FROM 1/6 PER WEEK

During our Sale we are offering a number of GENUINE DAINTICARS at about half the price usually charged.

THIS MODEL **49/6** Other Models to suit all purses for cash, or from 5/9 monthly.

Prompt delivery. Carriage paid.

Don't buy any pram until you have seen our Sale Catalogue. Sent Post Free.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO.,

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FLOOR COVERING

AMAZING VALUE!

90 SQ. FT. FOR 15/- SAMPLES FREE

DAMP-PROOF & ROT-PROOF

THICKER than Lino. Specially suitable for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fastening, no nails or paste required. 90 sq. ft. for 15/-. Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls two yards wide. Many pretty patterns to choose from.

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS,
30, Carter Street, Walworth Rd., London, S.E.17.

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WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILTS FREE

2 Soft Woolly Blankets.
2 Good Strong Sheets.
2 White Lawn Pillow Slips.
1 Fine White Bolster Case.
1 Beautiful Hand-Painted Fawn Bedspread.

Double Bed Size. Made for lasting wear. Complete Bale for

ONLY **20/-** Carr. Free.

Cash or C.O.D.

FREE GIFT

This week we send with each Bale, absolutely free of charge, a Handsome WADDED EIDERDOWN QUILT.

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Why is Evans' Electric Comb like Britannia

ANSWER AND WIN £100

Enter for this Genuine Competition.

Note the Wavy Teeth.

NO ENTRANCE FEE

ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS THIS:—

Just write on a piece of paper your answer to the question: "Why is EVANS' Electric Waving Comb like Britannia?" and enclose your name and address. If your answer is accompanied by a postal order for an EVANS' Electric Comb (either size) you stand to win £100, but even if you do not send an order your answer will be judged for a prize of £10.

The Advertisement Manager of "The Daily News" has kindly consented to act as judge. No correspondence can be entered into, and no employee of the House of Evans is eligible to compete.

Send Orders and competition entries to:

REAL WAVES IN 2 DAYS!

The mild yet penetrating electricity comes through the Wavy Teeth. Handle contains battery (no electric light required). No danger, no wires, lasts for years. A child can use it and gain hair beauty.

Waves Hair, Keeps it Healthy and promotes its growth. For Baldness, Greyness, Falling Hair, All Hair Troubles.

POCKET SIZE **3/-** Large Size (Double Strength) **6/-**

Pocket size 3/6d. post free, large size (double power) 6/-.

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CARRIAGE PAID U.K.

or 8/6 per Month for 12 Months.

OAK finished Cabinet 3 ft. high, with new AUTO-STOP, powerful British Motor, Fullotone Junior Soundbox and record compartment. A marvel of value, performance, power. Guaranteed 12 months.

CATALOGUE FREE.

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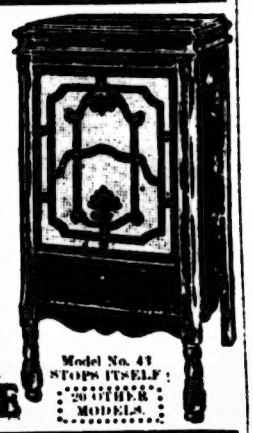
East Ham, 140, High Street, Tottenham, 501, High Road, Croydon, 41, George Street. Also at Liverpool, Manchester, Bolton, Hull, Glasgow.



Model No. 41 STOPS ITSELF! 20 OTHER MODELS.

FULLOTONE

2/- IS ALL YOU PAY

FOR THIS SPLENDID ALL-BRITISH CYCLE.

Dunlop Cord Tyres, Renold Chain, Brook's Saddle, Low Easy Payments. 14 Days' Free Trial. Carriage Paid. FREE GIFT. Lamp, Bell, Pump, Tools, Puncture & Repair Outfit. Write now for marvellous Bargain Catalogue of Road-ster, Racers, 3-Speed & All-Weather Models. Wonderful Easy Payment Terms. Other Models from £3-19-6. ART LIST FREE.

GEORGE KING (coventry)LTD

(Dept. C.J.B.), 1, Hatfield Street, London, S.E.1

A GUARANTEED WATCH for 1/- down.

Amazing Easy Terms.

Only 22/6

We give our ten years' written Guarantee with this magnificent **Gent's Pocket Watch.** This splendid offer made possible only by big manufacturing economies.

Thousands sold previously at 39/6.

Best White Gold non-tarnishable chromium finish, handsomely art engraved, silvered dial, steel pen pointers, time regulations perfectly accurate, not affected by weather variations, exactly as illustrated. Sent to you for 1/- deposit, on receipt of watch 2/-, after that 1/- each week until 22/6 is paid, or if you prefer, cash price 21/-. Unequalled value. Send now to **ROBERTS & Co.** (Dept. B), 37, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

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There is no greater obstacle to social and business success than a nervous and shy disposition. Nervousness deprives you of the ability to develop your talents and make headway in the battle of life. If you are a victim of this distressing disorder; if you are nervous and shy; if you blush and stammer when spoken to; if you feel awkward and embarrassed in company, here is a real chance to conquer your weakness instead of letting it conquer you. A remarkably interesting book-let explaining how you can cure yourself privately at home, as I did, will be sent in a plain sealed envelope to all sufferers sending 3d. Write at once in confidence to:

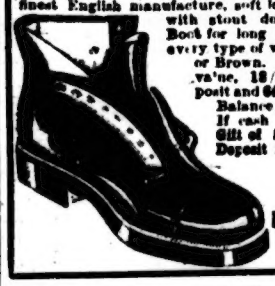
HENRY J. RIVERS (Dept. J.B.69), 10, LAMBS CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.C.1.

BARGAIN OFFER IN GENT'S BOOTS

SEND ONLY **2/6** WITH ORDER

FREE GIFT OF ALL-WOOL MEN'S SOCKS SENT WITH EACH ORDER.

Bargain offer of Guaranteed all Solid Leather Gent's Boots, finest English manufacture, soft leather lined throughout with stout double soles. Wonderful Boot for long and hard wear, stands every type of weather. Supplied Black or Brown. State size. Splendid value, 18/11. Sent for 2/6 deposit and 6d. to cover part postage. Balance payable 2/- weekly. If cash with order, 17/11. Free Gift of Socks with each order. Deposit refunded if not satisfied.



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from **6/5** Per Month Pd. 1st Payment

For storing Coal, Cycles, Prams, Household Goods, etc. Prompt despatch. Carriage Paid to your station in 6 strong, easily erected sections. 5/8-in. planed, moulded, rebated weather boards. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

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MATCHES ABOLISHED!

MARVELLOUS NEW WAY OF LIGHTING GAS!

No more dangerous, wasteful matches. No Flints, Flames, Sparks or Petrol. Just press the top of the "Matchless" Gaslighter and the gas lights instantly!

10,000 FREE On 7 Days' Trial to Housewives.

Send and Test one FREE NOW! **Send no money** — you only pay if you are satisfied. 2/11 for the Lighter and Refills (12 months supply).

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The World's Wonder Sets

Sold at FACTORY PRICES. Complete with Cossor Valves, ready for listening-in, with Grand mode, Cabinet Cone or Horn-type Loud Speaker. Yours for only 5/- deposit. Nothing more to pay for a month. Purchase completed by easy monthly payments. ASTOUNDING RESULTS.

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Please send me Free Art Plates of "Miracle" Sets.

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WORLD'S WIRELESS STORES, Wallington, Surrey.

5/- DOWN SECURES a **2, 3 or 4 VALVE SET**

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OUTSIZE FROCKS

IN GOOD QUALITY ART. SILK.

SEND NO MONEY Pay on Delivery. ORDER BY POSTCARD TO-DAY.

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Post & Pkg. 9d.

Smart Frock in good quality Figured Art. Silk. Well made and cut on generous lines. BARGAIN. Exactly as sketched, in predominating colours of Navy, New Brown, Bottle, Apple, Plum, Black/Beige, Black/Grey. Lengths, 42, 44, 46, 48. X.O.S. 50 ins. 1/- extra.

Delighted or money back. Please mention style 124 when ordering.

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For your throat's sake smoke the QUALITY Cigarette

"It's that extra touch of quality that pleases me"

Packets—10 for 6d ; 20 for 1/-. Boxes—25 for 1/3. Tins—50 for 2/6 ; 100 for 5/-

LADIES! . . . the 25 for 1/3 packing has been made specially for your handbag

CRAVEN "A"

CORK-TIPPED VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

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For the People— *—the Right to Justice and Truth*

THURSDAY,
for Week ending Saturday, Aug. 9, 1930. Twopence. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada ½d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Food-Taxes—The Verdict of the People

JOHN BULL readers have given their verdict on food-taxes. It is against a tariff on foreign food imports, but not so heavily against as political observers expected.

The details, published on page 9, show that 40 per cent. would be willing to face a tax on food in return for protection of our industries.

* * *

We express no opinion ourselves; but doubtless many people are interested by the fact that since the profiteers now add from 100 to 300 per cent. to the price of all foodstuffs, they could not charge much more if there was a tax on imports.

Son of the Emperor

Here is one hint towards a solution of the Indian problem.

The people of that vast continent set very great value on the status of their direct ruler. If a nondescript person from England comes to them as Viceroy they are not impressed.

But if we sent them a Royal Prince they would appreciate this, the greatest compliment which we could pay them.

War on waste

Many industries in this country add greatly to their costs, and also to distribution charges, by turning out superfluous patterns and samples.

Following in his footsteps

President Hoover has saved American industry enormous sums by the standardisation and simplification movement which he initiated.

After the usual apathetic wobbling, a similar movement is now getting under way in this country. Several industries are interested, and it will shortly be announced that an existing organisation has been extended to co-ordinate the work.

Three months—soft!

The politicians have packed their traps and left Westminster behind them until October 28. The Government has given them a twelve-weeks vacation—and each Member on ordinary salary will draw £100 to assist in enjoying it.

In view of all the talk about "urgent legislation" and "congestion of Parliamentary business," it is surprising that the House should be put out of action for so long.

Even in Victorian times the House usually sat until well into August, and Members were content if they were able to get away for the opening of the grouse-shooting on "The Twelfth."

Give India a Royal Prince

Segrave's Memory

It may be that Ministers think they can govern more conveniently without the daily embarrassment of having to defend themselves in Parliament.

Shielded murderer

Why has nothing been done to discover the murderer of Miss Eileen Smith, who was done to death near Mataria, Egypt, on June 27?

The native papers did their best to implicate an Englishman, but it was plain that a native was responsible for the crime.

These native journals have covered up that fact. Is Eileen Smith's murder to pass unpunished?

News

The other day several newspapers told a sensational story of a visitor to this country who had been robbed of £9,900 by confidence tricksters in a mythical turf syndicate.

The reports were lacking in details regarding the identity of the offenders.

We are here able to reveal the principal trickster as Robert Bradshaw, alias Matthew Biggar, alias Patrick Dalton, with convictions registered against him in Australia and New Zealand.

Moreover, his full career was laid bare in these pages early in May last under the heading of "Secret Turf Syndicate Swindle."

Our story really was news!

Amy

The London Aeroplane Club, which taught Miss Amy Johnson, C.B.E., to fly, is celebrating her return by a banquet in the West End on Saturday night.

Each of the two hundred diners is a flying man or woman, among whom are many enjoying the big rewards of pluck plus luck.

Of all these air-adventurers none has reaped a bigger harvest in so short a time as the guest of honour.

Devils on duty

Prussian policemen, whose armament already includes bayonets, rifles, machine-guns and truncheons, are to be provided with a new kind of pistol which discharges "gas-bullets."

The weapon is said to have tremendous potential powers of destruction.

For police purposes a mild gas is to be used, but the effect of a more deadly charge can well be imagined.

We commend this sinister invention to the attention of the League of Nations. Germany has solemnly undertaken not to manufacture poison-gas. Is she keeping her word?

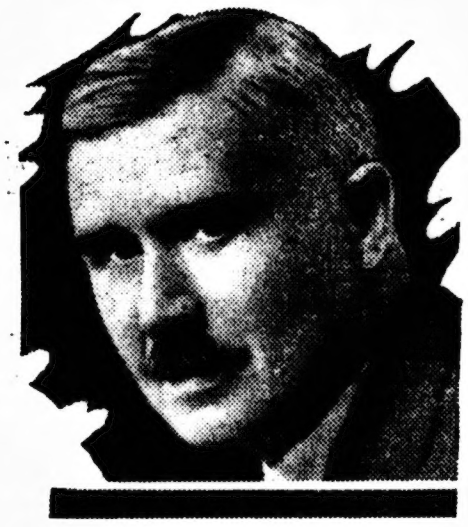
A miserable memorial

Although Sir Henry Segrave was officially timed when he raced to his death on Lake Windermere, the world-record set up is not to be officially recognised.

He made two runs at an average speed of 98.76 miles per hour, and was completing a third at an even greater speed when disaster overtook him.

But the fact that he undoubtedly travelled much faster in a motor-boat than any man ever travelled before is to be officially ignored because he did not complete the third run!

Not very sporting, is it?



Mr. Harris has his point of view

. . . And another thing

Shipowners generally are opposed to the introduction of legislation for the development of Empire Free Trade, but they are not averse from crusading for trade within the Empire.

Seventy per cent. of 12,640 ships flying the British flag are employed in carrying foreign cargoes. Only about 20 per cent. engage in trading between Empire countries, and the remainder are concerned in the home and coasting trades.

* * *

It has been pointed out by Mr. L. C. Harris, chairman of the General Shipowners' Society, that a vast proportion of our tonnage would be shut out from foreign markets if Empire Free Trade were adopted.

Crime promotion

Road hold-ups and most other forms of modern banditry owe their growth, if not their inception, to the motor-car.

Now the police solemnly propose to present this type of criminal with a perfectly new opening.

* * *

Plain-clothes police-patrols are to cruise about in a car pursuing and stopping motorists who are guilty of minor breaches of road etiquette.

In the absence of uniforms and any distinctive marks on the police-car, motorists will be unable to distinguish between genuine police-officers and possible assailants.

At the cross-roads

Trade-union rivalry arising from the invasion of road transport services by the railway companies has now become acute.

The executive of the National Union of Railwaymen declares bluntly that it intends to go ahead with the organisation of the employees of all concerns in which the railways are interested.

* * *

The Transport Workers' Union, on the other hand, maintains that it has the right to include all road-transport workers within its ranks.

So far all efforts to effect a compromise have failed.

No further appeal

Although distress in the mining areas is still acute and the distress fund at the point of exhaustion, there is apparently no intention of making a fresh appeal for public subscriptions.

* * *

Those responsible for the appeal of two years ago feel that there is so much misery in other industries, notably among the Lancashire cotton-workers, that to select the miners for special benefit would be invidious.

Moreover, there is the expectation that the new legislation will do much to help the industry. We sincerely hope it will.

Doctored

The British Medical Association is becoming more autocratic every year. It is now forbidding doctors to address audiences other than of medical men, even on discoveries which might benefit the health of the nation.

* * *

Several doctors have been warned that they will be struck off the register because they have lectured or written in the Press within the last few months.

But why is no action taken against the titled doctors who write for the Press almost daily?

The artful dodgers

When the Land Valuation Bill comes up for discussion in the autumn the tactics of its opponents will be to propose amendments giving landlords still further rights to appeal against their assessments.

By this means, they consider, they can practically cripple the measure, as for years the courts would be so congested with cases that the Act would have no chance of functioning.

Mr. Snowden should be on his guard against this artful ruse.

Home Office enquiry

A special enquiry, we are able to reveal, has been ordered by the Home Office into the administration of Special Branch men detailed for duty at our ports.

This action is the direct sequel to a recent case in which an officer of the Special Branch was reduced to the rank of constable after twenty-eight years' service for making unjust charges against certain Customs officials.

Action, please!

Since we first drew attention to the dilapidated condition of the Royal Veterinary College the question has been taken up by the daily Press, and Lord Harewood has made a speech illuminating the subject.

Thousands of animals are operated on annually under conditions painful and dangerous to them and to the staff, in buildings which are cramped, unsafe and condemned by the London County Council as insanitary.

• • •

A Departmental Committee years ago reported that £300,000 was the minimum sum which would redeem this disgrace.

The prestige our horses and veterinary science have hitherto enjoyed on the Continent will slump if this money is not forthcoming.

Discord

The Musicians' Union is angry with Miss Bondfield for permitting so many alien dance and restaurant bands to enter this country.

She admits that during the past year permits for ninety-five such bands were granted, and extensions beyond the original period were given in twenty-three cases.

Every application is closely investigated; but the musicians assert that, while thousands of them are out of work owing to the "talkie" invasion, a still closer scrutiny is necessary.

"It pays to—"

Mr. Samuel Courtauld has made a general attack on the usefulness of advertising. Here is just one nut he omitted to crack.

With a capital of nine and a half million pounds, Arthur Guinness and Company, the brewers, made a profit for the year to June last of two and a half millions—an increase of £300,000 on the previous year. Stockholders receive 35 per cent. on their holdings.

• • •

The Free State Minister of Finance attributed the sound condition of the State's finances to increased revenue from Guinness' exports.

And the company states that all this is due to a national advertising campaign initiated in 1928.

Talk's cheap

More than once in the past we have denounced the high handed attitude of foreign nations towards British shipping casualties in their territorial waters.

Time and again ships' officers have been clapped into jail for no reason other than that they were involved in mishaps, mainly unavoidable.

In more than one instance they have died from their privations in disease-ridden native jails where they have been housed pending trial.

Now the matter is to be discussed at an international conference at Antwerp, and we hope it won't stop at the talking stage.

De-controlled

The Minister of Health has informed local authorities that birth-control information may now be given at maternity and child welfare centres, at birth-control clinics if established, and at hospitals under their control.

The proviso is added that there must be no general dissemination of such information, which is only to be given on medical grounds in cases where further pregnancy would be detrimental to health.

The extent to which local authorities act on the Minister's circular will now depend largely on the strength of local agitation for the provision of facilities.

First-class only

British workmen skilled in forty different trades are at present employed in the construction of the largest and most luxurious tourist-yacht ever laid down in a builder's yard.

"If You See It—" *continued*

The dream-ship is to carry 850 first-class passengers, and will run in conjunction with a luxury hotel at Bermuda, situated in a tropical park overlooking the harbour.

She will be a swift vessel, driven by electric turbines, and will be christened *Mid-Ocean*, to identify her with one of the most lavish island health-resorts in the Empire.

Our shipyards are still unrivalled for perfect work.

Stop it!

On the platforms at Darlington and Durham stations, and in the trains, men, women and children are harrowed still by the spectacle of melancholy chain-gangs of prisoners bound for Durham Jail.

To "learn" Mr. Clynes?

Mr. Shepherd, M.P., who attacked this damnable state of things in JOHN BULL over six months ago, has just learned from Mr. Clynes that "what has been the practice for many years" continues unchanged.

Mr. Clynes must learn that many other barbarities were "practised for years" and then abolished. That is what is called progress.

They died together

We are sure that Mary John would not willingly have lived after her husband, Samuel.

This old couple of Llangwm, Haverfordwest, rowed out to the mussel-bed at Carew Lake, and got stranded on a mud-bank.

Samuel got out of the boat, tried to push it off, but was engulfed.

The old woman shed her clogs and part of her clothing, and tried desperately to rescue him. But the tide carried her away.

A pitiful story. And yet! Love is stronger than death.

South Wales wages

With the passing of the Coal Bill the question of wages in South Wales becomes a live issue, for the agreement which expired last year was protracted only pending the operation of the new Act.

The owners intend asking for a reduction, but, as an alternative, they will play the "spreadover" card—that is, the substitution of a maximum forty-five-hour week for the 7½-hour day.

Should this be refused, they will declare their inability to continue the present system under which workers on a late shift receive six days' wages for five worked.

Tricks with pensions

Mr. W. H. Reynard, a Horsforth ex-soldier, was granted a Final Award, which entitled him to a pension of 12s. per week for life.

He appealed to the Pensions Appeal Tribunal, which decided that a Final Award should not have been made, and his appeal was allowed.

Later, after Mr. Reynard had been re-examined by a medical board, the Ministry promptly reduced the pension to 8s. per week, with effect from the date of the tribunal's decision!

• • •

We may be slow in the uptake, but we can't help feeling that any regulation under which a man's pension can be reduced as the result of a "successful" appeal is overdue for the scrap-heap.

Shabby

Ratepayers of the little agricultural village of West Wittering, Sussex, are up in arms against an amazing proposal that they shall pay a rate of threepence in the pound for non-residents in a bungalow holiday colony near by to have their dust collected.

Hitherto those using this colony—deserted in winter and packed with town-dwellers in the summer—have paid a guinea each per year.

• • •

But many have sneaked out of paying by declaring that they were in the parish of West Wittering—so the parish looks like having to pay.

Could anything be more preposterous than to ask poor agricultural workers to pay for amenities for town people enjoying themselves at the seaside?

ADAMSON— —Unhinged

At last

We flatter ourselves that our continued criticisms have had a great deal to do with the decision of the Post-master-General to [illegible] scandal of employing [illegible] time auxiliary postmen [illegible] ordinary wages.

A boss worth having

Mr. Le[illegible] Smith proposes to reorganise duties appropriate [illegible] full-time [illegible] where possible and for [illegible] first time give auxiliaries the opportunity of promotion to established rank with full [illegible] and pension prospects.

Such reform will cost money, but the G.P.O. can well afford to [illegible] out what is, after all, only justice and fair play.

Done down on the farm

Farmers who pay their labourers less than the minimum legal wage should be able to plead poverty, but their plight is not so poignant as that of the men they victimise.

To take advantage of underpaid workers who are reluctant to lay complaints and risk losing their jobs is a shabby form of mild blackmail.

Some months ago, when Lord [illegible]ton was Minister of Agriculture, he increased the number of inspectors whose duty it is to bring these defaulting farmers to book.

His action has been more than justified by the amount of recovered money, and we hope the good work will continue.

Just a thought

Going off for the holidays? [illegible] about the cats and dogs? You're fond of them. And you want them to be taken care of. Don't just catch your train and let Fido fend for himself.

A 'phone call to the R.S.P.C.A. will tell you the nearest home for the [illegible].

Some people, without meaning it, cause unmentionable suffering during the holidays to creatures who love them.

Homes for bonfires

It is not to the credit of the Salford authorities that the hundreds of families in the overcrowded tenements of the city stand in constant danger of death by fire.

Old, dilapidated houses crowded together, and in many cases occupied by several families, provide no loopholes for escape. They are recognised death-traps, as the health authorities must have known for years.

The fire brigade heads who are to blame, admit that if a fire broke out the flames would spread like lightning.

The chairman of the Health Committee (Alderman E. Dugdale) says that improvements are being planned. Being planned, indeed!

More double Dutch

A gentleman of Haarlem, in Holland, is exporting a remedy called Mementum Gratia Probatum. It appears to be all that, and then some.

"This medicine," he states, "works miracles with everyone that makes use of it, and the Grace of the Omnipotent God is experienced in it to admiration."

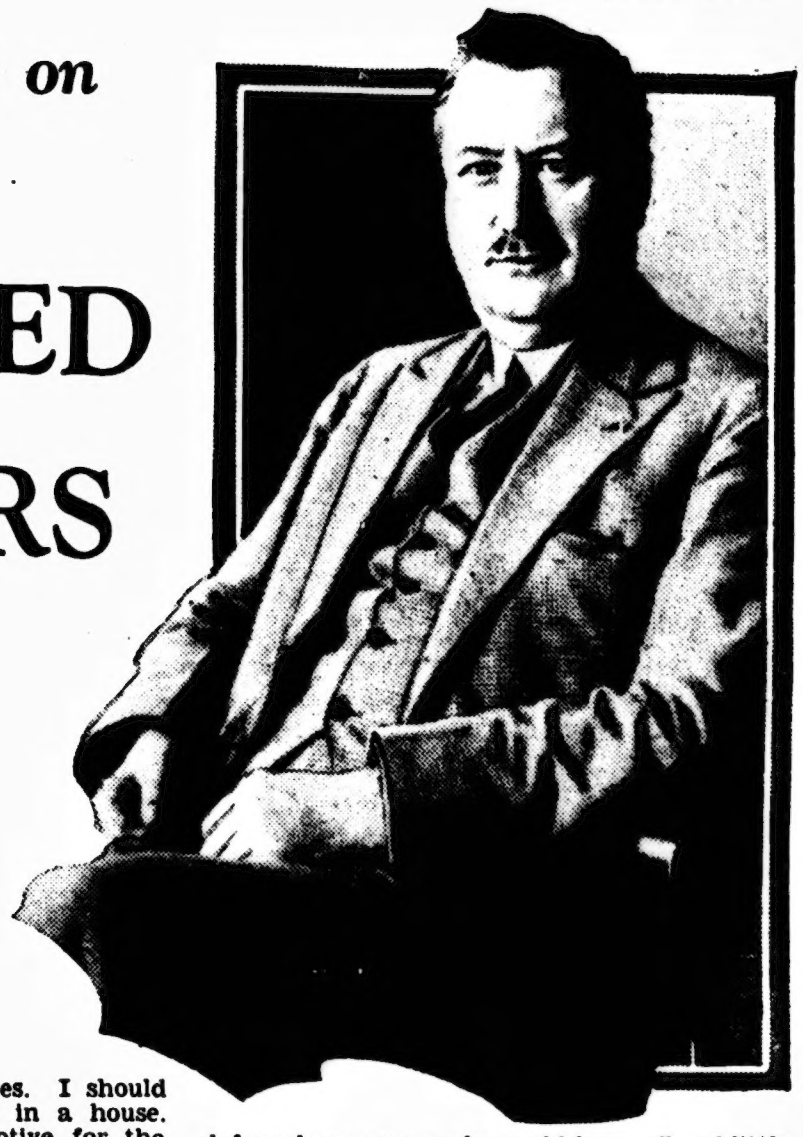
• • •

It puts paid to bruises, asthma, bites, hysterical pains, the "fear" dropsy, anxieties, megrims, gout, cancer and headakes (*sic*).

"Applying it to the corner of the eye, will make you so strong-eyed that you need not use spectacles until the age of seventy or eighty years."

We are inclined to think that the Dutch super-physician will not be sufficiently strong-eyed to discover the postal-orders from our readers.

Famous Detective on OUR UNSOLVED MURDERS



William J. Burns

is Chief of the largest Detective Force in the World

I DO not presume to advise Scotland Yard about all these unsolved murders. It is said that the Yard is hampered by the restriction of its freedom in the interrogation of witnesses. If this is the Yard's own view, I accept it. I can entertain no other alternative.

The reputation of Scotland Yard abroad is second to none. We all regard it as one of the finest organisations in the world. Its record compels admiration and respect.

It is my experience that its personnel is composed of officers of the highest integrity—gentlemen. It is impossible to believe that such men would abuse their powers or do anything likely to undermine the public confidence.

If its powers have been restricted by the Police Commission, it comes to me as a great surprise. And it is regrettable. The position that must be created by such restriction is untenable.

It is imperative that the police have a free hand in so far as they do not attack the rights of the individual or exceed their instructions—as I am perfectly convinced your police would not.

How else can the police work? Their highly responsible task is to protect the community. They must have the full confidence and support of the national executive behind them.

If this is withheld—and curtailment of their powers indicates some lack of executive support—they cannot do their job properly.

Bullies go down

WHERE does the need for restrictions arise? I should have thought that the wonderful record of Scotland Yard, which is the envy of every police organisation in the world, should inspire the highest confidence.

And it is my view that it is mainly due to this great record and *the means by which it has been achieved* that has brought about such a wonderful spirit of co-operation here between police and public.

An organisation that abuses its powers and bullies the public is not usually popular with the man-in-the-street, however noble and necessary its mission

Neither could any such organisation instil in the community such a profound respect for law and order as obtains here. It is obvious to me that the honourable reputation of your police has been greatly concerned in this.

The police must be trusted. They should not be hampered in dealing with witnesses. It is imperative that any person, however remotely connected with a crime, should be invited to talk freely without the superfine restrictions being imposed that hamper evidence.

Every legitimate assistance should be given to the police to help them in their task.

With the great Edmund Burke, I have always believed that more guilty persons are convicted by evidence created by themselves in defence than are convicted through evidence supplied by the crime itself.

No *mysteries*

UNLESS a person is allowed to talk and answer questions without hindrance it is hard to see how facts are to be obtained leading to the finding of a criminal.

Because, in legitimate circumstances, there is no mystery about crime—especially murder. Journalists and novelists seem never tired of offering the word "mystery" to murder, but the words have simply no connection.

In murder there are always incontrovertible things that did happen. There is a body. On examination that body reveals how death occurred. There is a motive for the murder—unless the murderer be a lunatic, or moron, as we call such folk in America.

Either someone stands to gain in cash or kind by the crime or the removal of the deceased has relieved some person or persons of an obnoxious presence or of a threat of public exposure.

I take it that the difficulty in unravelling the Epsom murder is the apparent absence of motive. From what I have read of the evidence given, no motive emerges. I should say that the girl was murdered in a house. But I have no doubt that a motive for the crime will be found. Then the murderer will be revealed.

But it is plain from the Epsom coroner's remarks that the police have been hampered in their investigations, and more has yet to find the light.

Normally, the motives for murder are usually apparent from the moment the investigation starts, and when they are proved it is possible to construct a theory from the facts of the case. But it is most important that the facts justify the theory and not the theory the facts.

Sherlock—useless

I HAVE frequently been asked to discuss the literary aspect of crime and state whether the lucubrations of such people as Sherlock Holmes have been helpful to me in practice.

Well, I have never read a detective story in my life, so I can offer no solution but commercial necessity as to why an author can keep from his readers both the motive for the murder and the name of the perpetrator past the first chapter.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—a great friend of mine, whose death I sincerely lament—once called me to his house to discuss with him a particularly fine detective yarn that he had invented. A notable American literary man was asked to report our conversation.

I regret to say that when I had done with Sir Arthur's ingenious idea there was nothing left to report. I told Sir Arthur that it might be a fine story, but it struck me like doing sums with the answer in your pocket.

His "crime" was only possible theoretically. Every fact was subordinate to the conclusion and was evolved solely to that end.

In a sense each murder presents a unique problem to the investigator. Its features vary as those of human beings do, but the essential nature is the same.

It is, I have found, the local men on the spot who are befogged by their settled impressions of the characters in their neighbourhood.

Some time ago, in Long Island, New Jersey, the wife of a well-known doctor was brutally battered to death. The local police had been wrestling with the problem of the murder for weeks before I was called in.

The statement of Dr. Wilkins, the woman's husband, looked bad to me from the start. He said burglars had called, robbed his home, and beaten up his wife and himself and escaped.

It looked queer that he, the doctor, should have been hardly touched, while his wife, a defenceless woman who could have offered little effective resistance to the robbers, should have been battered to death with a paper-muffled, ball-headed hammer.

The murdered woman owned £50,000 worth of estate and her husband was sole beneficiary on her death. I cannot say whether or not this point weighed with the police in investigating the crime. It certainly weighed with me.

But I did not know the doctor prior to the murder, and consequently the purity of his private life before the crime did not prejudice me in his favour.

I put him under close cross-examination. He talked freely, especially after I found the cord and the paper which had muffled the hammer in the pockets of his clothes. It was the story he was compelled to concoct to defend himself concerning my discovery that made his subsequent conviction a simple matter.

I should like, if the scope of this article permitted it, to discuss comparisons between American and British police, but I can only find room to say that the American police are not favoured with the same measure of public support and friendliness as your police enjoy here.

But the American crook, although he has never been known to co-operate with us as happens with you, has a tremendous respect for the police.

The safe-blowers

I HAPPEN to be the investigation agent of the American Bankers' Association, and all banks in the United States that are members of that organisation display a notice that they are under the protection of the William J. Burns Detective Agency.

One occasion in the city of Kansas some yeggmen—that is, gentlemen who honour the profession of safe-blowing with their presence—decided to make a business call on the banks. They found one of the banks displayed my sign, but the other two did not.

They accordingly blew their safes. It was most unfortunate for them, however, because I happened to be the investigation agent of the insurance company which indemnified the banks against robbery, and I was called in.

I had no difficulty in rounding up the yeggmen, but I shall never forget their consternation when they saw me. "Why, Mr. Burns! But we never touched your bank at all!"

When I explained the circumstances which accounted for my participation in their arrest their lamentations were loud and without limit.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Catch Me, SERGEANT!

An Earl in a Whirl—Who Wants Women Preachers? Why the Cotton Trade Breaks

The Rt. Hon. THOMAS SHAW, M.P.,
Minister of War

DEAR MINISTER,—I lament with you that the physical standard of young men offering themselves for enlistment is so poor that 61 per cent. must be rejected, although the standard has been lowered.

But your clarion call to youths of the upper and middle classes to enlist in the ranks will not be heeded while promotion is so slow, and ends in a blind alley.

The old idea of the squire-officer leading his retainers was a good one. But it has gone, and now the exclusiveness of the commissioned grades is merely snobbery. Naturally the ranker who forces his way in has a bad time.

The solution is to have all soldiers beginning in the ranks, and selected ones passing to Sandhurst after, say, three years' apprenticeship.

Then you'll get plenty of recruits from the higher working and lower middle classes which are the backbone of the nation.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN GILBERT,
Chairman Education Committee, L.C.C.

DEAR SIR,—I hear that three children attending a council school, all healthy and never having had an illness, have been refused a fortnight's country holiday because they have not been vaccinated.

Since the law allows parents to exempt their children from vaccination, I should like to know who has dared to deny this statutory right and override the decision of Parliament.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. GEORGE LANSBURY, M.P.,
First Commissioner of Works

DEAR LANSBURY,—It is not in your province to look after sand-pits. But I know how keen you are on proper playgrounds for the children.

And I can imagine how your feelings are aroused by the repeated tragedies in sand-pits, when children at play are buried there.

What is the remedy? Really attractive playgrounds for one thing. And for another unclimbable fencing round the dangerous pits.

There are seaside sand-dunes which cannot be guarded. But tragedies like the recent one at St. Helens, when three children were killed, should never have happened.

JOHN BULL.

WILLIAM TAYLOR, jun.,
Haro d Road, Upton Park, E.

DEAR WILLIAM,—I suppose you think you're a fine fellow. I'll tell you what you are before I've finished.

At the age of seventeen you have the impudence to describe yourself as "independent," though you have no income. You've never done any work, though you say you've looked for it.

No doubt you thought to crown yourself with glory when you had your poor, sixty-year-old father, who feeds you, arrested for assault because he pulled your hair as your mother used to do.

The magistrate, in dismissing the charge, rightly said that the public ought to be protected against such arrests. He might have added that you are a contemptible young cad.

JOHN BULL.

The Earl of EGMONT,
Avon Castle, Ringwood, Hants

MY LORD,—I trust that rumour has misrepresented you. It is difficult to believe that you are really indulging in this abysmal "grouse"—especially before the Twelfth.

You are reported to have said that you have been treated with nothing but injustice in England, that the claimants have worried your life out, and that the death duties are compelling you to sell part of your property, and may compel you to get rid of Avon Castle.

You can go back to your old life if you want to.

JOHN BULL.

Miss MAUDE ROYDEN,
City Temple, London, E.C.

DEAR MISS ROYDEN,—I am not going into the deeper question of why some of us object to women being ordained as minsters of religion. But I want to point out that the idea of a ministry of women in sacramental confession won't work.

You say that women are inclined to seek the services of women doctors. That is not borne out by facts.

The medical profession knows that the more intimate the confession women have to make, the less inclined they are to confide in a woman.

And you may be sure that the same is true of their spiritual needs.

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. JOSEPH HAMON,
Upper Mount Durand, Guernsey

DEAR MADAM,—I am glad to hear that you have topped the century in such magnificent form. You have lived a happy and useful life, and, though your beloved husband died twenty years ago, you have a battalion of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren around you.

Gracious and stalwart as you are, I trust you will long be the pride of Guernsey.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. Lord HEWART,
Lord Chief Justice

MY LORD CHIEF,—In remitting back to the Chesterfield justices the case brought by an inspector of factories against the mayor and borough of that town, with regard to the death of a workman electrocuted at a Chesterfield generating-station, you gave the J.P.s generally a hard rap on the knuckles.

You said that some day people who administer the law will be required to know something about it.

If only you will press for the appointment of more stipendiary magistrates now, thousands will arise and call you blessed.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. CHARLES E. GODDARD,
Medical Officer of Health, Harrow

DEAR DOCTOR,—I can understand your feeling that you would like every-one who handles the people's food to be medically examined [illegible] persons and warning the public not to patronise tradesmen who allow foodstuffs to be handled indiscriminately by shop assistants; but aren't you a little hard on the tradesmen?

The greatest offenders in this respect are a section of the public who pick food about with grimy fingers.

More than one butcher who has gone to the trouble of providing forks for turning over steaks and chops has complained that the public have used the forks!

JOHN BULL.

Sir ERNEST THOMPSON,
Cotton Trade Organisation

DEAR SIR ERNEST,—Your mission to Japan and China, with a view to improve overseas trade, will not come if you start out with the belief that you are being ruined by high taxation in all countries but England. The fashion of short skirts and little underclothing, and trade-union restrictions, antiquated methods and our failure to realise the changing [illegible] market.

If you go out to find what the world needs, and take pains to supply it, you shall fear no foe in shaping trade.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

JUDGE TOBIN: "All women are ladies."

It's a pity all ladies aren't women.

* * *

LORD PONSONBY: "Don't make children read what they ought to read, let them read what they want to read."

All right, if you can make them want to read what they ought to read.

* * *

DR. PAUL E. SCHERER: "In America history is just beginning to be made."

Manufactured?

* * *

MR. E. C. GRENFELL, M.P.: "The only method of getting the country going again is to hit the other chap."

Going what again—daft?

Not from the B.B.C.—Lord Amulree, Chairman of the Royal Commission on Licensing, on

Our FAR-FLUNG BOTTLE-LINE

WHEN I was asked, nine months ago,
if I would take the chair
Of the Licensing Commission,
I consented.
And almost daily ever since have I been
sitting there—
And I have not, strange to say, become
demented.

We have heard the views of Bishops and
of brewers by the score;
We have learned that cocktails make
some people merry;
That some folks drink a lot of beer, and
others rather more;
And that girls in Bristol favour port
and sherry.

We have asked a million questions of our
witnesses to date;
For however large the thirst is of the
nation,
It cannot ever equal something no one
can abate—
Our everlasting thirst for information.

Our job is to discover just how Britons
drink? And why?
And what? And when? And if they
really need it?
And a full report we'll issue in the
distant by-and-by—
Though the chances are that nobody
will heed it!

This saddening thought haunts all Royal Commissions. For we know that whatever may be our findings nobody will find time to carry them out.

Meanwhile, despite the jeers with which we were greeted when we held our first sitting on Guy Fawkes' Day, 1929, we went conscientiously to work in the time-dishonoured way.

First we appointed a secretary at £1,100 a year and sundry assistants.

Then we got busy summoning witnesses from all parts of the country—it having been decided that witnesses were to be paid expenses in accordance with their rank. Bishops and brewers receiving first-class fares and £1 10s. a day hotel allowance, and ordinary blokes, coves and chaps third-class fares and fifteen "bob."

* * *

And from this humble beginning we have worked steadily onward, so that we have already succeeded in spending £6,000.

If you ask what the taxpayers have got in return, I shall point to the huge crop of valuable information we have garnered from the 140 odd—some, admittedly, extremely odd—witnesses we have so far examined.

We have, for example, discovered that some young women in Bristol drink sherry; that cocktails destroy [illegible] which afflicts guests at parties; and that once upon a time brewery employees were fined sixpence if they mixed water.

But there is still much we wish to know—especially my esteemed colleague the Rev. Henry Carter, who has not been able to ascertain the exact amount of alcohol in a cough-drop.

There's quite a lot we want to know
Of knowledge we are lousy.
Why do some labels bear three stars?
And why do gentlemen in bars
Prefer their barmaids blonde?

Just how much whisky makes a "tot"?
How much of beer is "head"?
And why is gin described as "square"?
And what are "dead marines"?
where
Do they go when they're dead?

Thus, while brave Britons drink deep
Of battle with their beers.
We're finding things out day by day
And mean to keep on in this way
For years and years and years!

M.P.s and BRIBERY

by A. G. GARDINER

PARLIAMENT has broken up for the holidays in an atmosphere of scandal and squabble. The storm-centre is in the Labour Party, and Mr. MacDonald enters on the recess with his rty visibly in fragments and fighting e Kilkenny cats.

One section accuses the other of unkenness and corruption, and the ter hauls down the assailants as rs and cowards.

It is an unpleasant spectacle and es ill for the Government and worse the Labour Party.

For the Sandham charges, with ich I shall deal later, are only an dent of a much larger quarrel—l between what may be roughly med the trade union element and e I.L.P. faction.

There has never been any love lost tween these schools, and when Mr. acDonald dared to leave the late Mr. heatley out of his Cabinet he practi-lly invited the I.L.P. to do its worst. It has accepted the challenge. Mem-rs of the I.L.P. have been like gad-es on the flanks of the Government roughout the session.

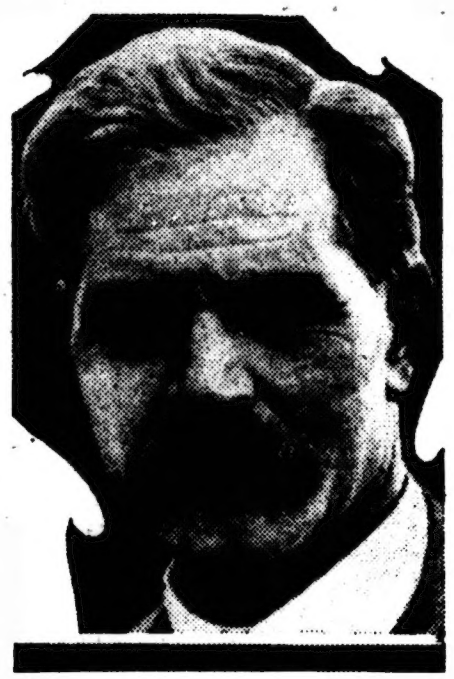
Mr. MacDonald has suffered less m the artillery in front than from e stabs behind, and the more his ubles have increased the more rebels have rejoiced, and the more ey have prodded him with gibes and urs.

The lamentable failure to check the de of unemployment has been meat nd drink to them. It is all the fault, seems, of Mr. MacDonald's betrayal f the Socialist cause. That was the eme of Mr. Sandham's speech out f which the rumpus arose.

Soap-box oratory

He jeered at his leaders as snobs hose first great act on coming into ffice was "to buy new tall hats in rder to show their respectability," and ho had betrayed the proletariat to the idle rich, the parasitic landlord, he usurer and the exploiter," with uch more of the stale soap-box ratory that is so familiar, so cheap nd so depressing.

But he did not confine his barbs to



" Suffered most from stabs from behind "

his leaders' tall hats and their flunkeyism to Society. He assailed his back-bench colleagues.

"Labour Members," he said, "can receive bribes to help to pass doubtful Bills in the interests of private individuals. . . . Labour Members can get stupidly drunk in this House. . . .

"Labour Members accepted money from moneylenders and other interests, and it is known that Labour M.P.s get drunk in the House. Our leaders see nothing wrong in that. . . . But immediately John Beckett touches the sacred symbol, the gilt toy [the mace], all the pack are in full cry."

When called upon to apologise for slandering the Mother of Parliaments, Mr. Sandham took up a most truculent attitude, and instead of withdrawing his allegations sought to justify them.

In this he was openly supported by Mr. Maxton, who played the part of the backer and sponge-holder.

Thereupon the charges he made were left to the investigation of the Committee of Privileges, which promptly reported that they were without foundation and that Mr. Sandham was deserving of the censure of the House, which was duly passed.

The unpleasant feature of the incident was the ulterior motive behind it.

Decent people do not foul their own nest, and it is evident that Mr. Sandham was less concerned about the morals of the House than about discrediting the Party to which he nominally belongs.

Monstrous!

If the decencies and probity of public life are being outraged by Members of Parliament, it is right that the offences should be exposed through the proper channels; but it is monstrous that they should be exposed in order to promote a faction fight within one of the Parties in the House.

Mr. Sandham is a person of no consequence, but Mr. Maxton is a politician of repute, who ought not to be associated with an abuse of the privileges of the House and the publication of general and unsupported charges against the conduct of his colleagues.

It would be absurd, of course, to suggest that no one in the House of Commons misconducts himself at times.

The House of Commons is not an assembly of archangels. It is an assembly of quite ordinary men, drawn from all sorts of spheres and all sorts of callings.

If a man is lacking in character and industry there is abundant temptation to lead him astray, and it is a matter of common knowledge that men have fallen victims to those temptations.

No excuse

But with considerable knowledge of the House during the last forty years, I venture to say that the standard of behaviour to-day is not below that of any former Parliament.

I am disposed to think that in the matter of sobriety it is, on the whole, better than that of the past. I remember when the after-dinner debates were often decidedly alcoholic.

That is much less conspicuously the case to-day, and if the Labour Party includes, here and there, a man who is too fond of "raising his elbow," as they say, that is a discredit which it shares with other Parties.

It is a subject for the Party itself to deal with by its own disciplinary measures. If that fails and the thing becomes an open scandal, then the Speaker has means of preserving the dignity and decencies of Parliament.

But nothing can excuse the broadcasting of such vague and general slanders upon his colleagues as those uttered by Mr. Sandham at Kirkdale.

But much the most serious aspect of the Sandham charges is the allegation that some Labour Members are corrupt—that bribes are taken and votes are sold to private interests.

There is no subject in regard to which the public are more sensitive than the incorruptibility of Parliament.

A venal Parliament—and there have been venal Parliaments in the past—is the worst menace to the national life, and the first qualification of a Member is that his personal propriety should be above suspicion.

A man may take too much to drink occasionally and still be an excellent Member of Parliament; but the man who takes a bribe for his vote is a

". . . if he cannot name his men . . . "

criminal. He should be drummed out of the House of Commons and dealt with as a traitor to the State.

If there are such men in the Labour Party, or any other Party, let us by all means know who they are, and let the most severe penalties be imposed for the betrayal of their trust.

Mean and cowardly

But the worst of all ways of dealing with such men is that chosen by Mr. Sandham. It is a cruel thing to spread suspicion of a whole Party by vague and unsupported charges against unnamed Members.

And it is a mean and cowardly thing to employ such methods to discredit colleagues with whom you are in political disagreement.

Either Mr. Sandham can name his men and produce his evidence or he cannot.

If he can do so, his clear duty is to put the facts before Mr. MacDonald and his leaders. Should they fail to take the proper action, then he can and ought to appeal to the House.

But if he cannot name his men and cannot produce his evidence, then his conduct is deserving of something more than censure. For in that case he has shown himself to be a dangerous and irresponsible slanderer, who should be banished from public life.

Astonishing FOOD-TAX BALLOT RESULT

WE can now offer a solution of the greatest political puzzle of the day.

Much has been said in late months for and against taxes on foreign food imports. But there has been no real indication of what the electorate thinks on the subject, and how it would vote if food-taxes were made the main issue at a General Election.

A month ago the Editor decided to put the question to a ballot of JOHN BULL readers.

We invited them to record their vote, and at the same time to state how many of the 22,639,117 voters at last year's General Election would be in favour of food-taxes as part of a general policy of Protection.

A prize of £250 was offered for the nearest estimate, the winning number, under the rules, to be computed from the percentage of votes cast in the JOHN BULL referendum.

The result is astonishing. Frankly, we expected that the vote would be solidly against food-taxes. It is not so. Although the country, to judge from our very representative circulation, is still against Protection, the margin is narrow.

Just over 40 per cent. of the JOHN BULL ballot is in favour of food-taxes, the final figure, on the basis of the 22,639,117 votes at the General Election, being 9,200,076.

* * *

No competitor succeeded in forecasting this figure exactly, so the following entrants, each of whom estimated a round total of 9,200,000, will share the prize of £250:

Mr. G. COCKROFT, 26, Milton Avenue, Sowerby Bridge;

Seaman E. A. RICHARDS, 41 Mess, R.N. Barracks, Devonport;

Mrs. F. WHARTON, 2, Hill Croft Place, Guiseley, near Leeds.

We congratulate the winners on their prescience. They will have the additional satisfaction of knowing that the result of the ballot in which they have distinguished themselves will be pondered deeply by the leaders of all political Parties.

It may be the deciding factor in the shaping of tariff policies in the immediate future.

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS from Sir Wyndham Childs

A NEST of SUPER-CROOKS

Two of Sir Wyndham's former lieutenants—

FOR some time I have been interested in the operations of the Gordon Finance Corporation, Ltd., which has a suite of well-appointed offices in New Stone Buildings, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

This suite, I fear, has been made the nest of a coterie of crooks, though the same building houses many reputable business firms and the famous Safe Deposits, where millions of pounds' worth of securities are stored.

Swindling concern

For, although it has contrived to establish itself in such an important centre and appears to be conducting a large volume of legitimate business, I am able to say quite definitely that the Gordon Finance Corporation, Ltd., is a swindling concern of the first magnitude.

Of course, a good address is an important feature of its stock-in-trade, and it also maintains a gifted staff of "financial experts."

But its operations are entirely fraudulent, as I shall here reveal.

In April last, two West Country men, wishing to market a patent, were attracted by an announcement in the *Daily Telegraph* to the effect that the Gordon Finance Corporation, Ltd., was prepared to provide capital for such ventures.

On applying for fuller particulars, one of the pair received a letter from the corporation, signed by a Mr. Chas. E. Poiney, inviting him to call for an interview.

He accordingly travelled to town, and, in the privacy of the Chancery Lane suite, was given to understand that the Gordon Finance Corporation, Ltd., had unlimited resources, and would be willing to interest itself in the patent to the extent of £30,000.

The owners of the patent, however, would be expected to pay initial fees of £75—£40 down and the balance when the arrangements for the provision of the capital were nearing completion.

As seemingly satisfactory credentials were produced the £40 was paid without question.

It was then stated that the transaction would be completed within two months.

As the weeks went by, repeated assurances were given that negotiations were proceeding satisfactorily.

On one occasion, when the clients were in the office, Poiney came bustling in with a large bag, saying that he had just flown from Paris, having succeeded in interesting investors in Brussels to the tune of £25,000.

On the strength of these good tidings, the clients paid the further £35, but from that moment the corporation became far less businesslike.

Poiney grew strangely retiring, and could only be seen with difficulty, while his deputy at the Chancery Lane office, an equally suave individual named Thomas Alexander Beckett, always allayed suspicion with convincing excuses.

Surprise visit

On one occasion he declared that Poiney was in Paris making final arrangements; on another that he was still abroad and would be writing shortly from Paris.

After one of his alleged visits to the Continent, Poiney wrote to say: "Our people on the other side are having their directors' meeting on Tuesday of next week, when we expect your business will be passed through."

Whether that next Tuesday's meeting was ever held, and whether anything transpired, is so far only known to Poiney and Beckett.

The clients were told nothing, so one of them decided to pay a surprise visit to town.

He found a young lady apparently in charge, and was informed that Poiney was "still in Paris"; but, at his request, the young lady went into an adjacent room to see if Beckett was available.

While he was thus waiting, the caller saw two men, who looked suspiciously like Beckett and Poiney, making a hurried exit down the stairs.

So, to test his suspicions, he waited in the office precincts.

His vigil lasted five hours, but his patience was rewarded eventually by the return of Poiney and Beckett—the former indignantly asserting that he had "just got back from Paris" and had all-important documents for the client to sign.

The latter now demanded to see the corporation's solicitor, and heard Poiney apparently make an appointment for all of them to attend at the solicitor's office on the following day.

This appointment never fructified, the clients being kept at bay by a series of telegrams from Poiney postponing the meeting, and promising to write on the subject.

After four wires had thus been received a fifth came to announce Poiney's return to Paris.

There—except for some further correspondence, in which it was stated that Poiney was only an employee of the corporation—the matter has ended.

Now, if Poiney was only an underling, who was the principal—the man behind the scenes?

My enquiries provide the interesting information that a notorious financial shark, named William Conway, whose only recorded address appears to be the First Avenue Hotel, in Holborn, is, virtually, the "Gordon Finance Corporation."

In this and other high-sounding aliases he has victimised countless people, many of whom have lodged complaints with the police.

—Detective-Inspector J. Horwell, who arrested a rogue to whom Conway introduced dupes; and Chief-Inspector George Cornish, who is now in charge of the area in which Conway has latterly operated

The shuttlecock

Dodging to and from the Continent also seems to be a weakness of Conway, judging from the excuses made to those who have been seeking him.

A few months ago, for instance, the Gordon Finance Corporation obtained £80 from an Ilford gentleman for investment in a business, which, unknown to him, was being run by an ex-convict.

When this dupe began to press for explanations, Poiney and Beckett repeatedly put him off by saying that the managing director, Conway, was "still abroad." His £80 is, of course, gone for good.

Some time ago, too, a Muswell Hill resident answered an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, and was assured that Conway could arrange a good partnership.

After he had paid an initial fee, [illegible] was put off again and again with excuses, until his money was eventually returned to him in the form of a cheque drawn upon the Holborn branch of Barclays Bank. This cheque was promptly dishonoured.

Scores of dupes

From another address in Chancery Lane, where he was constantly seen in company with a so-called financier who once served a sentence for bucket-shop frauds, Conway also ensnared a Skegness man through one of his *Daily Telegraph* advertisements.

This time Conway operated as the "Commercial Development Syndicate," and, after promising to raise £12,000 necessary to reorganise a seaside catering business in which the Skegness man was interested, obtained over £[illegible] in fees—and did nothing.

Scores of people are now enquiring for Conway in vain, as his suite of offices is at present closed, following the seizure of his furniture for debt.

All that can be discovered regarding him now is that he has fled to Italy.

It is interesting to note that, in addition to the individuals to whom I have made specific reference as being associates of Conway, Beckett was sent to jail a short while back for some cruel investment frauds run in connection with another man in the name of the "Universal House and Estate Agency."

One victim was a widow with a child, who lost all her savings; another was a ship's steward, who paid £[illegible] for a spurious partnership in a mythical coffee-stall business.

May I respectfully suggest that the Director of Public Prosecutions institutes a full enquiry into the affairs of the Gordon Finance Corporation and other allied swindles which Conway has run?

If he does he may rely upon my ready assistance.

MUD *from* Belgium

PRINTED circulars of an unspeakable character are at present being sent through the post to this country by a scurrilous person named L. J. Feddersen, from Belgium.

We do not propose to give him a free advertisement by quoting his address, but we have certain comments to make in the hope that the authorities will take immediate steps to suppress him.

Feddersen is offering collections of indecent stories and limericks, and the fact that he anticipates doing big business is evidenced by the printed order-forms he has taken the trouble to prepare.

• • •

His literature is full of suggestiveness, and because of the difficulties of dodging the authorities clients are urged to send postal orders—not cheques!—in advance.

The prices run from 5s. 6d. for a "book" of sixteen pages to £1 for one of 100 pages.

We can only say that the misguided fools who send their money deserve all they will get—even the "book."

MYSTERY GLAND

Startling Death-Roll

CONSIDERABLE uneasiness has been felt in medical circles for some time regarding the increasing number of deaths under anæsthetics.

Alarm has been enhanced by the fact that fatal results of this nature have often attended minor operations.

In the considered opinion of several eminent coroners, the scandal is one which calls for the fullest research by competent body of medical scientists.

A case which seems to confirm this contention occurred only the other day in the tragic death of Miss Nellie Barratt, a nineteen-year-old athlete, of Priory Avenue, Stamford Hill, London.

All-round athlete

She was a girl who took a keen zest in living, and who indulged in canoeing, running, swimming, and all forms of rigorous sport.

Illness was unknown to her, but she had decided to undergo a minor operation for the removal of a slight growth from her chest, not because it occasioned her any bodily discomfort, but because, being somewhat sensitive, she disliked the disfigurement.

An interview with Mr. Edward Siesinger, O.B.E., the eminent Wimpole Street specialist, elicited the fact that her case was one for quite a simple operation.

Mr. Siesinger undertook to perform the operation himself, so Miss Barratt became a private patient at Guy's Hospital.

In due course she was placed under chloroform, but before the operation could be completed respiration suddenly failed, and all efforts to revive her were in vain.

Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the great pathologist, was called in to make a *post-mortem* examination.

He found behind the breast-bone a thymus gland which should have disappeared in childhood, and which, under the influence of the anæsthetic, had caused heart-failure.

Although an examination had been made before the operation to see if the patient were fit enough to undergo the anæsthetic, the unhappy condition which occasioned her death was not detected, for, in the present state of medical science, it is impossible to diagnose it during life.

In the opinion of Sir Bernard, any person harbouring a thymus gland after early childhood is liable to die at any time from the slightest shock.

This opinion is shared by many eminent medical men.

In the case of Miss Barratt, however, this theory hardly seems to apply, for in her vigorous lifetime she had experienced some of the severest shocks imaginable.

On one occasion she was exposed to the elements from midnight to 3 a.m. after a channel shipwreck, until finally rescued by a lifeboat.

And only last September she was in a serious motor-car collision.

Were not these two experiences alone sufficient to cause "slight shock"?

Then there is the case of the late Mr. Denby Johnson, a twenty-nine-year-old stores-manager, of Winchgate, Winchmore Hill.

At the beginning of last month, Mr. Johnson decided to undergo a minor operation for the displacement of a small bone in the nose.

Two revelations

The operation took place at the Prince of Wales Hospital, Tottenham, but the patient's pulse weakened perceptibly and his heart stopped altogether while the operation was in progress.

The *post-mortem* revealed two remarkable things.

One was that the heart was dilated on the right side, due entirely to the anæsthetic.

The other was that Mr. Johnson also had a thymus gland, which had not been detected before the operation, but which rendered the heart incapable of withstanding the strain of the anæsthetic.

His widow, who was one of the most pathetic figures ever seen at an inquest, and who sobbed unrestrainedly throughout the proceedings, declared that her husband had never been ill, but had always enjoyed vigorous health

Dr. Waldo has stressed the need for research for years

These are by no means isolated cases. We have particulars of many others before us, and may be forgiven for citing one more in detail.

Linda Amis, aged thirteen, died some time back at the Royal Hospital, Wolverhampton, during an operation for the removal of tonsils.

A hospital doctor admitted that she was organically sound and took the anæsthetic well; but she, too, had an abnormal thymus gland.

Dr. S. G. Dyke, pathologist to the Royal Hospital, attributing her death to the anæsthetic, declared that "a number of people who died under anæsthetics showed this abnormality."

What do coroners themselves think of this question?

Dr. F. J. Waldo, M.D., M.B., M.A., B.A., M.R.C.S., who, apart from being a barrister-at-law and the author of many works of technical and historic value, has been an eminent London coroner for thirty years, at present officiates at the Southwark and City of London Courts.

He it was who held the inquest upon Miss Nellie Barratt, whose case is the first dealt with above.

In finding a verdict of "Misadventure," Dr. Waldo said: "With a view to preventing deaths under anæsthetics, I think it would be a good thing if the Medical Research Committee (of the General Medical Council) co-operated more closely with coroners."

Research wanted

But Dr. Waldo has been saying this for years.

Again and again, at inquests of this character and in his annual reports to the authorities, he has urged greater research where deaths from anæsthetics are concerned.

The whole question, in his opinion, should not only be explored with a view to locating the thymus gland before an operation is performed, but should embrace a closer study of the chemical values of anæsthetics and their effect upon varying constitutions.

In the latter connection, more attention, he has often contended, should be paid to the proper storage of anæsthetics and the method and skill with which they are applied.

Dr. Waldo's views are shared by another eminent coroner—Dr. R. L. Guthrie, O.B.E., of Harley Street.

"She was a girl who took a keen zest in living"

As far back as January, 1924, when holding a hospital inquest on a girl named Gladys Connor, who had died under an anæsthetic, he expressed alarm at the number of similar deaths.

"It seems distressing that one cannot learn something from these fatalities," he observed.

"It does seem to me that there is field for further investigation on the part of scientists in connection with anæsthesia.

Ignored too long

"In America, the subject has been gone into fully, and the medical and surgical societies are doing far more than we appear to be doing in this country."

That was six years ago. Ten years before that, a special committee considered the question and made certain recommendations to the then Home Secretary.

Yet the tragic mystery of the invisible thymus gland still remains as far from solution as ever.

Apart from presenting the alarming problem it does, it also frequently casts an unjust reflection upon hospital doctors and anæsthetists, who, as in the cases we have cited, perform their work competently enough.

May we, in conclusion, offer the suggestion that the Medical Research Committee calls a conference of coroners on this subject?

From the time a death under anæsthetic occurs the coroner for the district in question assumes full control of the ensuing enquiry, and keeps on record throughout the years the full history of each case.

Cannot these invaluable records be collected and subjected to expert study by medical scientists with a view to solving a vital problem which has been so long neglected?

A Double-Dyed Deceiver

THE words of the old song, "Our lodger is such a nice young man," are recalled by the exploits of a certain Frederick Charles Grey, whose charm of manner has proved disastrous for more than one landlady.

No one could be more suave or pleasant.

So successfully did he fill this role while staying at East Finchley recently, that his announcement one morning that he could not pay his bill was received with sympathy rather than annoyance.

His landlady, in fact, was quite moved by his story of "hard times," and accepted his earnest assurances that he would return and settle his account as soon as his luck changed.

For a time nothing more was heard of the charming Mr. Grey, but he eventually turned up one morning in great spirits and smilingly informed his former landlady that his fortunes had taken a wonderful turn.

He was the beneficiary under a will which would leave him with independent means for life.

Grey then added that the necessary formalities were not yet completed, but as his lawyer had advanced him a small amount, he had come post-haste to settle up with "the one person who had trusted him in his adversity."

So he tendered a cheque for £8 19s., which was drawn in his favour and signed "R. Robson, Executor."

He had had free board and lodging to the extent of £4, so the landlady innocently handed him back £4 19s. in change.

But when the cheque was presented for payment the bank officials recognised it as one that had just been stolen at Lancaster Gate.

The unhappy landlady found that she had been doubly deceived by a hardened rogue, whose criminal reputation even extended to America, where he had served at least one sentence for forgery.

Healthy Legs for all!

Marvellous Results of New Elasto Treatment!

Read convincing proof below—then write for FREE SAMPLE of ELASTO and FREE BOOKLET

"Can Now Walk Long Distances With Ease."

A short time ago I decided to send for your Elasto treatment which I thought might ease my breathing which became very bad on the least exertion, also a burning pain which commenced in my leg.

Now I am thankful to say that before I had finished the second box of tablets I was completely cured and can walk long distances with ease and my breathing has now become normal; also I have been told within the last few days that I am looking much younger. You may use this testimony as you please as I cannot speak too highly of Elasto and gladly recommend it to others.

(Signed) Mrs. M. J. ROE,
Rawcliffe Lodge,
Hambleton, nr. Blackpool,
Lancs.

"All Signs Of Phlebitis Gone."

How thankful I am I gave your wonderful treatment Elasto a trial. I had been suffering from Phlebitis for six months and thought my ailment incurable without complete rest. After using Elasto however all signs of Phlebitis have disappeared. I have proved the worth of Elasto; it has cured me as you said it would and I hope other sufferers will give it a fair trial as I have done with such excellent results.

(Signed) Mrs. L. WADEY,
30, Norton Terrace,
Newhaven, Sussex.

"Feels Ten Years Younger."

My cure continues to progress and I feel ten years younger than I did when I commenced your Elasto treatment. The wonderful improvement has enabled me to continue in my employment which I thought I should have to give up.

You have my full permission to use the enclosed photograph, and I shall recommend Elasto whenever I can do so.

(Signed) Mr. JOHN PEAKE,
168, Chadderton Road,
Oldham.

What Is Elasto?

Elasto is the wonderful new treatment that cures through the blood, at the same time improving the general health and increasing vitality. It is prepared in tiny tablets to be dissolved on the tongue, and is the pleasantest, the least costly, and the most effective treatment ever devised. Varicose veins, ulcers, eczema, muscular weakness, phlebitis, thrombosis, swollen legs, inflamed wounds, rheumatism, neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad legs are cured *naturally* and *permanently* by Elasto Treatment, without rest and at small cost. Elasto does not patch you up—it cures, because it brings into play Nature's own laws of health and healing. *It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.* Elasto also cures piles, prolapsus, varicocele, hardened arteries and glands, and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.

Send for FREE Sample

Elasto Treatment is fully explained in a Special Free Booklet which we will gladly send privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! Or send 5s. for a full month's treatment (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes.

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. (Dept. 15.A.)
Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds

CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

BARRY'S REVELATION TO THE WHOLE TAILORING WORLD

A £5:5:0 100% All Wool BLUE SERGE SUIT for 50/-

Made to your special measures under the usual BARRY guarantee

THE CLOTH IS GENUINE BOTANY YARN, INDIGO-DYED AND THOROUGHLY LONDON SHRUNK

This material is the product of one of the very best Worsted Manufacturers in the country. It is soft and pliable and in every way identical with the highest grade worsted serges made in Great Britain

SEND for FREE PATTERNS

(Our full Summer ranges comprise WORSTEDS, TWEEDS, CHEVIOTS, FLANNELS in profuse variety.)

OUR UNFAILING SELF-MEASURE CHART.

No matter where you reside we guarantee to fit you perfectly from our simple Home self-measurement chart. The risk is entirely with us.

OLD CLIENTS WHOSE MEASURES ARE RECORDED IN OUR BOOKS CAN SAFELY POST US 50 - FOR THIS SUIT WITH THE POSITIVE ASSURANCE THAT THIS IS THE FINEST VALUE WE HAVE YET OFFERED THEM.

ACT NOW—THIS OFFER MAY NOT BE REPEATED.

SIMPLY AMAZING VALUE

The BARRY "MILITAIRE"

(In Fashionable Putty-Shade)

A £4:4:0 ALL-WEATHER-COAT for 21/- POST PAID TO YOUR ADDRESS

The "MILITAIRE" is made in fine, reliable, super-spun Indiana Cloth, with storm-defiant "PARABAR" interproofing and elegant camel shade lining throughout.

Absolutely impervious to rain, sleet or hail.

Cut with full, ample skirt, deep storm collar. No dressier coat or more sportsmanlike coat was ever produced. Ideal in all climates.

Must not be confused with the imitation leather coat. The Militaire is quite, quite different, and equally dressy in dry weather as in wet weather.

Or by "Cash on Delivery" System if preferred.

Post us your remittance for 21/- for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, *over waistcoat*

S. A. BARRY & CO LTD.

(J.B. DEPT.) 26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.

OUR ONLY ADDRESS. WE HAVE NO BRANCHES

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Municipal Funds HUSH-HUSH

GEORGE HENRY OAKES, the late accountant to the Banbury Corporation, has just been sentenced to twenty months' imprisonment by Mr. Justice McCardie, having pleaded guilty to stealing £343 of the public's money.

But do not for one moment think that full justice has been done.

That the defaulting accountant has been punished for his lapse is meet enough, but there are other aspects of the case which call for the strongest possible comment.

* * *

For instance, it was definitely stated during the trial that defalcations involving £7,368 had come to light, but these charges were not proceeded with. The public, whose money is thus at stake, have been left totally in the dark as to the true position.

Nor is that all.

It was also made clear by the evidence submitted that the Corporation itself had been negligent; and that the fraudulent conversion on the part of the accountant could hardly have taken place had such not been the case.

One of the charges on which Oakes was convicted related to the conversion of money from the Emergency Fund.

Now the Corporation had passed a resolution limiting the fund to £3,000 a year. The resolution was never revoked, with the result that the fund was operated to the extent of £35,000.

This omission to abide by its own ruling surely lays considerable responsibility at the Corporation's door.

Twenty months from Mr. Justice McCardie

Dr. W. G. Eareagey, prosecuting counsel, mentioned defalcations of £7,368

The Corporation should also explain to the ratepayers why it failed to discover the defalcations before, for it was stated in court that the fraudulent conversion covered a period of six years.

The only conclusion one can form is that the accountant was permitted to hold full sway without any real supervision, and that the Banbury Corporation was half asleep.

Long before the official discovery was announced it was rumoured locally that Oakes and his family were living very much beyond their means.

Amongst other things, it was known that he had acquired a handsome bungalow at Holland-on-Sea, to which he made frequent week-end trips by car during the summer months.

* * *

We have constantly urged upon local government bodies the desirability of maintaining the strictest supervision where the expenditure of public money is involved, and here is a case which shows the value of our warnings.

That the Banbury Corporation has not had the sense to act upon such advice before is to be lamented; but perhaps it will now realise its responsibilities and provide a public statement of the true position, together with proposals for putting its house in order for the future.

Swindling with a Magic Clock

MR. A. O'CONNELL likes to be known as a pushing publicity expert; but he has certain other qualifications which we think the public ought to know about.

For instance, he is a polished liar, a master of cunning and a persistent swindler.

That he combines advertising with other attainments cannot be disputed; but the combination has already brought trouble to those who have come into contact with him.

He recently advertised in a Cardiff paper for a capable lady or gentleman to enter into partnership with him in what he described as an "exceptional opportunity."

He said no more of the post, save that it would involve occasional travelling.

* * *

One man who replied received a letter offering him £3 10s. a week, with half profits in an advertising scheme, requiring he were willing to invest £35. At O'Connell's invitation he kept an appointment in the lounge of a local hotel, where he was regaled with engaging stories of a proposed campaign to introduce a new advertising idea into kinemas throughout the country.

A feature of the scheme was a clock device, a model of which O'Connell produced for the applicant's inspection.

* * *

The prospective partner was sufficiently cautious to ask O'Connell where he was in business.

The publicity expert explained that he had just taken a new office in Cardiff, and suggested that they should go along and inspect it at once.

So he piloted the other to a business quarter of the city, where they entered an imposing office building and took a lift to an upper floor.

O'Connell then unlocked a door and ushered the intending investor into the new office, apologising for its somewhat bare state as he had not had time "to get straight."

After the proposition had been discussed a little more fully, the investor paid over a deposit of £20, and arranged to report at the office on the following morning to take up his new duties.

But a very different complexion was thrown upon things next day, for when the new partner arrived he found the office-door locked; and though he waited patiently upon the threshold for some time, O'Connell did not put in an appearance.

The anxious partner then began to make a few enquiries, but no one else in the building seemed to have heard of O'Connell or his publicity business.

They could only say that that particular office was to let, and had been for some little time.

A call at the hotel where the initial interview had been staged proved no more helpful. O'Connell was not known there, either.

* * *

We are truly sorry for this investor and for any others who may have been similarly duped, for the truth is that "A. O'Connell" is the alias of a rascal named Jack Carson, of no fixed abode, and whose story of a kinema advertising campaign is a pure myth.

The only tangible thing he had in this last exploit was the key of the vacant office, which he obtained temporarily from a local estate-agent by posing as a prospective tenant.

We hope he will soon find accommodation in one of His Majesty's establishments, where he will certainly not be entrusted with a key.

SLOT-MACHINE Fiasco

THE folly of embarking upon ambitious commercial ventures without adequate resources is aptly illustrated by the story of a company known as Proprietary Sites, Ltd., which was launched barely three months ago by a Mr. Charles Cameron Searson.

Operations were commenced in great style from an office in Carlton House, Regent Street, one of the most exclusive centres in London.

With a nominal capital of £10,000, the new company proposed to issue slot-machines on a very wide scale.

A North London shopkeeper who was amongst the many invited to co-operate signed an agreement letting a site outside his premises for the installation of two machines at a rental of £5 a year, payable in advance.

The machines were installed on the following day by two men who arrived in a car; but nothing was paid in advance as promised.

* * *

For a time the "tills" were regularly emptied and the machines restocked; then no one came near and the machines were simply left untended.

At last the shopkeeper called at the office of Proprietary Sites, Ltd., where he was assured that payment would be made by a certain date That date has long passed, but the shopkeeper is still without his money.

A similar experience is shared by a café proprietor in the West End of London, except that he was lucky enough to receive £1 on account.

Two machines were at first placed outside his premises, one of which has since been removed.

The other has stood empty and untended for some months, and no further payment has been offered.

Then there is the proprietor of a valeting service who entered into an agreement for machines to be placed at the entrance to his premises.

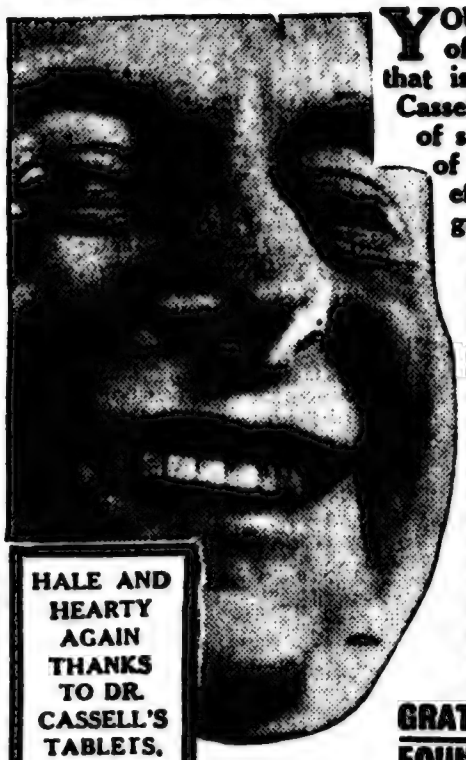
Some of the machines are now empty and derelict

But to-day the rent is two quarters in arrears, and, on enquiring at Carlton House, he found to his amazement that Proprietary Sites, Ltd., had vacated its offices, leaving no alternative address.

There are many other small shopkeepers, scattered over a wide area, who have entered into similarly unsatisfactory contracts, while repeated enquiries are being made at the vacated offices.

Somerset House records show that Proprietary Sites, Ltd., possessed only £2 in paid-up capital, so that it is perhaps not surprising that the scheme should have petered out in such a sorry fashion.

HEADACHE, INDIGESTION & STOMACH TROUBLE gone!



HALE AND HEARTY AGAIN THANKS TO DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS.

YOU can't be jovial when faulty digestion is robbing you of the energy your system needs. It is the nervous system that is responsible for most aches-and-pains; that's why Dr. Cassell's Tablets have been able to restore so many thousands of sufferers to health and happiness. A quarter of a century of healing has brought abundant proof of the unfailing efficacy of this time-tested tonic; all over the country grateful users are testifying to its safe, sure, speedy action

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS CONTAIN 19 SPECIALLY SELECTED INGREDIENTS

The success of Dr. Cassell's Tablets is due to 19 special ingredients, each with a particular health-giving duty to perform. Broadly, their action on the *whole system* can be divided into three sections:—(1) Nourishing the Nerves. (2) Strengthening the Digestion. (3) Enriching the Blood-stream. There's Yeast, too, among these ingredients, prepared so as to ensure maximum vitamin content. No wonder so complete a treatment has never been known to fail.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets offer speedy, certain relief in all cases of:—

HEADACHES
NEURITIS
KIDNEY WEAKNESS
BREAKDOWN
ANAEMIA
NEURALGIA
INDIGESTION
FLATULENCE
STOMACH TROUBLES
and all NERVE PAINS

GRATEFUL MESSAGES OF NEW-FOUND FITNESS . . .

SUFFERED YEARS, BETTER IN A FEW WEEKS!

"I could not bear to hear people talking. I suffered from head pains. *My* indigestion *got bad and I had fits of sickness and shivering . . . Dr. Cassell's Tablets have put new nerves in my body and cured me."—Mrs. N. F. Kerrison, 22, Spencer Road, East Ham.*

DYSPEPSIA VICTIM NOW ENJOYS LIFE

"I suffered from indigestion. *Eating was quite a penalty. Also severe* nerve pains *and sleeplessness. Special attention seemed unavailing. Since taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets my health has improved wonderfully. I am brighter and enjoy my food."—Miss B. Charles, 1, Mount Street, Abergavenny.*

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

1/3 and 3/- 1/3 size contains 36 Tablets

GUARANTEE
The makers of Dr. Cassell's Tablets guarantee their purity, safety and medicinal activity. THEY CONTAIN 19 SPECIAL INGREDIENTS and may be given to the youngest child or most delicate invalid without hesitation.

royds

The Best Offers.

Readers' attention is drawn to the following special offers in this issue:—

A Gift Book of interest to smokers can be obtained free on p. 16.
A Free Booklet of special interest to women will be forwarded by filling in the coupon in the advert. on p. 21.
A 7-days' sample of Shaving Cream is offered on p. 23.
The coupon on page 27 will bring a Free Trial Tube of Dental Cream.
Women readers will be interested in a Free Offer on p. 31.
Indigestion sufferers are offered a Liberal Free Sample of an effective remedy on p. 31.
A special Free Booklet and Free Sample offered on p. 12.
Mothers will find a valuable Free Booklet offered in the advt. on p. 27.
A Free Catalogue illustrating a large range of goods that can be obtained on easy payments is offered on p. 33.
An Illustrated List of Cycles obtainable by monthly payments is offered Free on p. 32.

Readers need never hesitate to respond to these offers. They are all covered by the "John Bull" Guarantee.

£625 awarded in "John Bull's" CROSS-WORD COMPETITION No. 73.

In the above Competition, solutions containing one error each were received from the following two competitors, who thus share the £575 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the contest, a cheque for £287 10s. 0d. will be despatched.

C. H. Macey,
34, Cunard Avenue,
Southampton.

F. Barker,
Hayview, Milltown, Ashover,
Chesterfield.

Solutions containing two errors each were received from the following 16 competitors, who share the additional £50, *each receiving* £3 2s. 6d.

Bentley, Miss, 9, Leopold Road, Leeds.
Boardman, H. J., 5, Oak Street, Cross Flatts, Bingley, Yorks.
Brooks, A. M., Station Road, New Milton, Hants.
Davies, T. J., 11, Katie Street, Blaengarw, S. Wales.
Easton, D., 1, Dalhousie Place, Larbert, Stirlingshire.
Ford, E. J., 26, Prestage Street, Poplar, E.14.
Henry, J. A., 8, Balmoral Terrace, Durham Road, Gateshead.
Lane, R. E., 2, Whittaker Street, Bacup, Lancs.
Maclean, J., 10, Columshill Street, Rothesay, Bute.
MacMillan, A. J., Gel-Gask, Laggan, Kingussie, Inverness-shire.
May, W., 70, Acre Lane, Brixton, S.W.2.
Sparrow, G. R., 267, Branston Road, Burton-on-Trent.
Taylor, Miss P., 23, South View Street, Bolton.
Thomas, Mrs. M. J., 95, Pencoed Rd., Burry Port, Carm.
Veness, H., 119, Heathfield Avenue, Dover.
Wood, H., Ryecroft, Benenden, Kent.

Another £600 X-Word appears on Page 32
Try Your Skill Now!

BLADDER COMFORT

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Bladder Irritation is more troublesome when it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in Shadforth "Bladder comfort" No. 285. It acts like a charm. It is prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with the proved remedy: Shadforth Prescription No. 285. Price 2/6 and 4/6.

Obtainable at these prices post free from
Shadforth Prescription Service, Limited,
Chemists,
(Dpt. J.B.23), 49, King William St., London Bridge, E.C.4.
Also obtainable from all Shadforth Branches.

FREE!

Full particulars of the Elasto treatment is explained in a Special Free Booklet offered, together with a Free Sample, in the advert. on page 12.

NO ONE CAN GUESS MY AGE

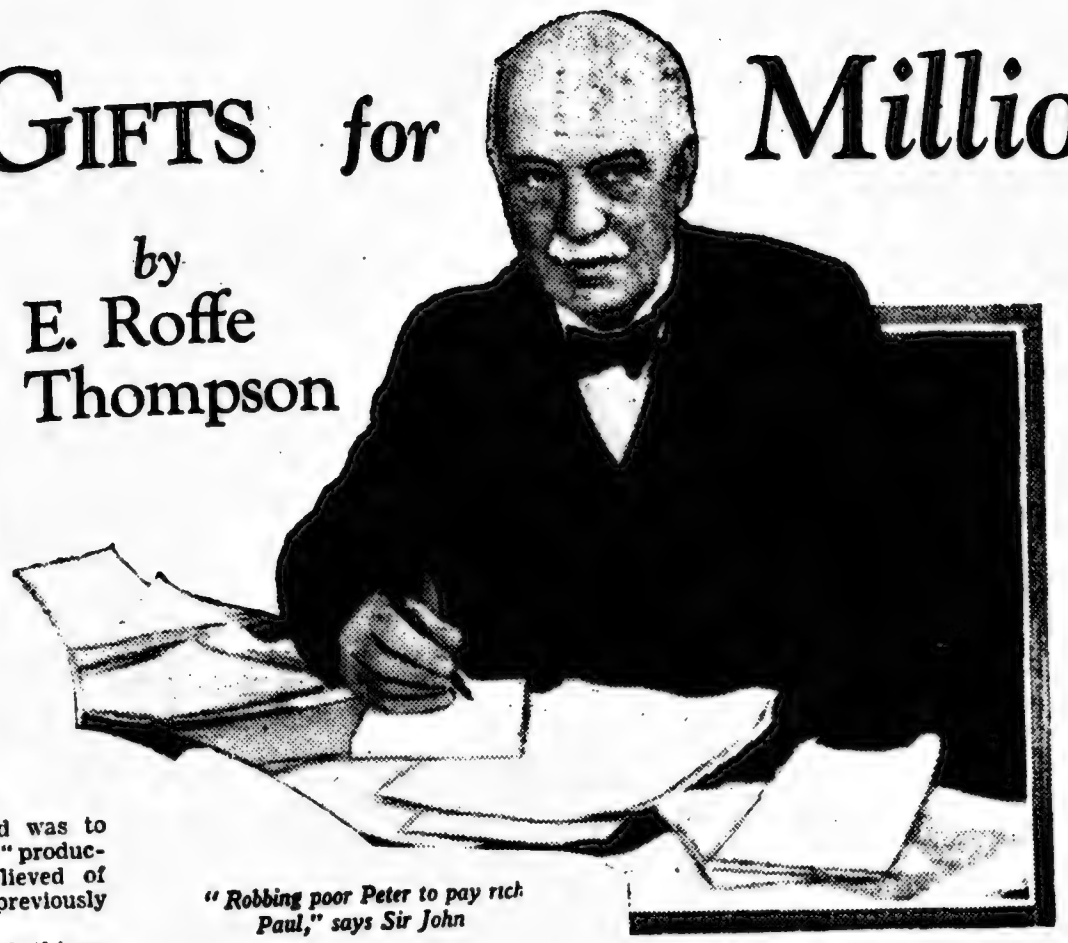
"My dear, what have you done? You look ten years younger than you did when I saw you three weeks ago."

"Yes, isn't it marvellous? All my friends say so. Even my husband says I look amazingly younger."

It has now been proved that wrinkles, faded complexions, shrunken cheeks and sagging facial muscles are not caused by age nor exposure to the weather, but by undernourishment of the skin. Eminent physicians—including Vienna medical professors—have also proved that your skin can eat; that is, absorb certain specially prepared foods which are quickly transformed into living cells and tissues. Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain the highly nourishing specially prepared food ingredients—predigested dairy cream and olive oil—which great specialists say your skin must have to keep it fresh, firm and free from wrinkles. Thus women of 50 may now look 30 and obtain complexions glowing with youth and beauty. Crème Tokalon Skinfood will revive and refresh your skin almost beyond belief even in one night, and in 28 days it will give you a new and permanently beautiful complexion. You will see the amazing results in your own mirror. Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood Rose Colour before retiring, and White Skinfood (non-greasy) in the morning. You take no risks when you buy Crème Tokalon Skinfoods. Satisfactory results guaranteed or your money refunded. White 1/- and 1/6. Rose 1/3 and 2/-.

FREE GIFTS for Millionaires

by E. Roffe Thompson



"Robbing poor Peter to pay rich Paul," says Sir John

WHEN the Derating Bill was before Parliament, JOHN BULL had some hard things to say. "The proposals," it said, "form a case of daylight banditry of the first order. These derating proposals are vicious in principle and will be still more vicious in practice."

There was not much opposition to the Bill, largely because no one could really understand it.

But two things were quite clear—that agricultural land was to pay no rates at all, and that "productive industry" was to be relieved of three-quarters of the rates previously paid.

We were told all sorts of things, promised all sorts of things. The rates of the ordinary citizen were not going up; on the contrary, they would have to go down.

No one would be any the worse off. Everybody, in fact, would be a great deal better off. Industry, in particular, would be put on its feet.

A big burden

For this removing from its back of the burden of local taxation would enable industry to compete with its foreign rivals, recapture lost markets by reducing the cost of production, and so on. There were miles of it, and it all sounded very lovely.

"The whole amount of this derating," said Mr. Geoffrey Ellis, formerly M.P. for Wakefield City, "will be made up by the Government out of the tax on petrol and from national taxation generally. The local authorities lose nothing.

"Productive industry as a whole gains immeasurably, and a corresponding burden is also lifted from the district in which it manufactures."

Let us see how this glowing prophecy worked out.

There is a big factory in the East End of London, surrounded by slums, employing dwellers in these slums, and, incidentally, doing very well.

In 1926-7 it paid a dividend of 12½ per cent., and in addition distributed £292,787 to its ordinary shareholders by way of bonus shares—which was equal to a further bonus of 20 per cent.

Just a present

In the following year its profits increased from £412,758 to £531,642. It was doing very well indeed, and its contributions to the rates were £7,458.

Now that derating is in full force its contribution to the rates is only £1,864.

This vastly rich concern is simply being made a present of £5,594 a year at the expense of the other ratepayers, who now feel the pinch.

By all means relieve depressed industries of their rates, but not at the expense of the small man. It can be done, as I shall presently show, but derating is not the way to do it.

I have just been reading a damning indictment of these derating tricks by a man who knows exactly what he is talking about—Sir John Hunt, late Town Clerk of the City of Westminster, and an acknowledged authority on rating.

What he says is a practical accusation that the Derating Bill was a conspiracy to rob the nation of £30,000,000 a year. He does not scruple to label the whole thing as "a fraud and a swindle."

"Who is to benefit by the derating of industrials?" he asks. "Not other traders or tradesmen; not the shopkeeper; not the professional man; not the clerk; not the working man.

"They will still have to bear their full burden of the rates without abatement. No relief will they get.

"Derating will put money into the pockets of industrialists who do not need it, and extract it from the pockets of a number of persons who do, robbing poor Peter to pay rich Paul.

"The industrials themselves are the only persons who will benefit. But productive industry will not.

"Derating will have no more effect on the industry or prosperity of this country than a bucket of fresh water would have on the ocean's saltness."

That, from an authority, is fairly strong language.

Last year five London hospitals, with some 4,000 beds, paid over £17,000 in rates—not hospitals, mind you, endowed by any municipal or State authority, but maintained wholly by the benevolence of the public.

That is to say, for every bed that charity provides for London's sick and suffering the hospitals have to pay away over £4 in rates.

The other side

The other side of the picture is this:

Not far away from one of these great hospitals are the imposing headquarters of a great concern with world-wide ramifications.

The net profits available for distribution last year were 4½ million sterling—an increase of nearly a million over the previous year.

Speaking of the Derating Bill, the chairman of the company said:

"I have been accused of supporting this measure for the benefit of our company. I should look upon myself as an extraordinarily strange chairman if I did not support legislation which was of benefit to the shareholders of this company."

There seems some difficulty in detecting in that statement the idea that derating was to cheapen production, cheapen commodities, and increase the prosperity of the country!

Let us listen to the chairman again:

"The Act comes into operation in October, 1929, and in a full year I hope it will amount to slightly over £2200,000. So that that is the measure of our benefit. It is a very nice sum for us to receive from the passage of this measure."

The new "dole"

Just read that over again carefully. I don't want you to miss anything. "*Our* benefit"—"a very nice sum for *us* to receive."

It's good—isn't it?—for a concern that makes 4½ million profits in a year.

And meanwhile five London hospitals are paying out £17,000 a year in rates to help to present £200,000 a year to the shareholders of one big concern!

I have in front of me a list of eight breweries, owned by four firms, which are now receiving a derating dole of £9,327 a year.

I have particulars of another distillery which paid £4,121 in rates and is now paying only £1,030.

And I have also a list of eight hospitals in the same town which are paying £3,694 in rates—£588 more than the eight breweries!

Is there really anyone who can defend such a state of affairs without putting their tongue in their cheek and plenty of cheek in their tongue?

And I think it is necessary to remember that the same Government that handed £30,000,000 a year to firms who mostly did not need it, cut down by £12,000 the State grants in aid of milk for nursing mothers and babies—on the ground of "economy"!

I am not blaming the firms, be they distilleries or iron foundries, who are pocketing this new and unprecedented type of dole. They would indeed be foolish to do otherwise. "The law allows it and the law awards it"—there is nothing more to be said.

But I consider such a law a scandal, just as Sir John Hunt considers it "a fraud and a swindle."

Greedy pockets

It is doubly a scandal in that all the money the country requires for industry or anything else is waiting to be collected once someone has the pluck to tackle boldly the still delayed question of the land.

There is enough to pay for national expenditure and local expenditure once we have the sense to collect for the nation the economic rent of the land that is now pouring into the greedy pockets of the Land Lords.

If we tackled the land question wholeheartedly we should not need to give doles to industry at the expense of hospitals and babies.

There is no need to labour this point. It has been dealt with in JOHN BULL again and again.

I need only refer to the fact that the fortunate owners of derated agricultural land are already seeing vast arterial roads driven alongside their property, are already seeing their land steadily increase in value while they themselves are not contributing to the creation of that value.

It is surely far juster and far sounder to collect the value the community creates and use it for the community than to tax part of the community in order to waste the money on superfluous subsidies to prosperous industries

The Human Machine

Mental Maggots

ONE of the weaknesses of human nature a wise man fights and strives to overcome is the desire to possess without having to go through the trouble of earning what he desires to possess.

So deep-seated is this weakness that countless rogues do very well out of the desire of their fellow-men to "get rich quick" or to get something for nothing.

The secret of a practical strength of character is to realise that anything worth having can only be got by paying its price; and nothing is ever really enjoyed unless it has been won by effort. It is hours of hard work that make an hour of leisure worth while. Idleness is not enjoyable unless there is work ahead and work behind.

No one could enjoy perpetual idleness any more than he could enjoy perpetual feasting. The one would make the mind as sick as the other would make the body.

Any man has it in his own power to make his brain either a generator of ideas or a breeding-ground for mental maggots.

And since nothing whatever in this world can be had for nothing, mental maggots are the price that has to be paid for useless idleness.

Besides, as a wise old Chinese Emperor once said: "If there is a man who does not work or a woman who is idle, somebody must suffer cold or hunger in the Empire."

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A JUNO-'PRINCE' ALL-BRITISH BICYCLE FREE

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ALL-BRITISH SPECIFICATION GENT'S STANDARD MODEL

FRAME built with Reynolds weldless steel tubing :— sizes 20", 22", 24", 26". WHEELS - Best British Make —Westwood type rims 26" x 1¾". Non-rusting spokes. HUBS — Best British. HANDLEBARS — Phillips with two outside roller lever brakes. CHAIN-WHEEL and CRANKS — Best British Steel specially toughened. FREEWHEEL — Best British ball-bearing frictionless. PEDALS — Phillips rubber. MUDGUARDS — dome pattern with front extension, plated fastenings specially stayed and strengthened. SADDLE—Best quality British make three coil springs. CHAIN—Coventry or Brampton. TYRES - 'Kempshall' made by Dunlop. FINISH—one coat rust-proof preparation, three coats best black enamel. Beautifully hand polished, lined in gold and green. All bright parts heavily nickel plated. Delivered free for 2,350 Coupons.

SEMI-SPORTS MODEL. Similar to above in all respects with the exception that the machine is built with a sloping top tube and equipped with 4-wire racing type saddle. Handlebars are of the North Road upturned type. Rat-trap pedals. Delivered free for 2,350 Coupons.

LADIES' MODEL Specification as Gent's standard model with addition of chain cover and skirt guard. 2,400 coupons (only 800 packets of 10).

ALL-BRITISH ACCESSORIES. Each machine is complete with Lamp, Bell, Pump and Clips, Tool Bag and Tools, Rear Reflector.

These models are made on the latest '*Safety First*' principles and so constructed that the rider can drop one foot on the ground whilst in traffic and thus retain full control of the machine. Every machine is guaranteed for twelve months.

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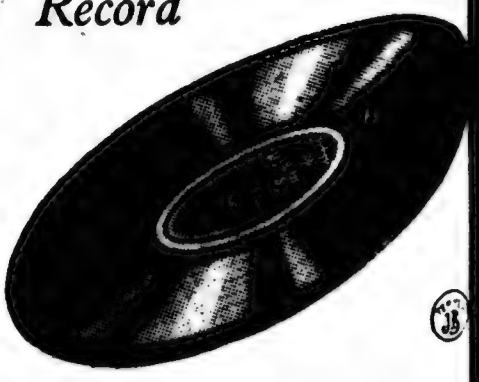
Don't hesitate to try 'Private Seal' at once simply because you have already collected a certain number of coupons from other cigarettes. We will accept these coupons for your first 'Private Seal' gift, so long as you send at least as many 'Private Seal' as coupons from other 10 for 6d. cigarettes.

This offer applies only to your first gift and holds good only to August 31st, 1930.

'IMPERIAL' *Gramophone Record*

60 COUPONS

(Only 20 packets of 10 instead of 60 packets)



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Without Fear or Favour

Give him tonic—not tears!

PLOT to RUIN TRADE

WHEN will some rich man get up among his fellow rich men—the bankers, the big industrialists, commercial magnates in the City, and their supporters in the Conservative Party—and tell them the truth—that they are doing their best to destroy their own property?

They have prophesied again and again that a Labour Government would destroy confidence and ruin the country. They are trying their hardest to make their prophecy come true.

We hold no brief for the Labour Government. We have criticised it severely in the past, and shall no doubt do so again.

It is therefore in no spirit of partisanship that we expose a deliberate plot by a powerful group of business men to prevent the Government, at all costs, from doing its honest best for the country.

"Confidence is a tender plant," said Mr. Baldwin the other day at Brighouse.

Does he think he is helping to restore it when he adds: "It is withered now; and dead"?

Of course, he says it is all the fault of the Government. "They have struck an irreparable blow at the prosperity of the industry of our country."

Pessimism is expected from Mr. Baldwin. He is a politician out of office. But we do not expect the industrialists deliberately to manufacture a justification of his forebodings.

Even the bankers, like captains preparing to abandon their ships, meet in conclave, jettison the views they have held for half a century, and urge panic remedies.

The representatives of the Chambers of Commerce have talked the same defeatist talk. From one end of the country to the other leaders of trade and industry have been holding up their hands in horror at the alleged slump and bemoaning the loss of confidence and the blows supposed to have been dealt by the Government at Britain's financial credit.

Is it any wonder that when panic advice is given them by the magnates of the City and the political pillars of the Constitution, small investors should shrink from subscribing to new issues for the expansion of British trade and nervously turn to gilt-edged securities or foreign investments.

THE facts are before us to prove that there is nothing to justify this panicky state of mind.

Mr. Baldwin is talking nonsense when he says that there have been "no more world causes for unemployment to-day than there were when we (the Conservatives) were in office."

The Wall Street panic last autumn and the Hatry collapse were the indications of a world slump, which was to be unmistakably shown in foreign unemployment.

Early this year Germany had 3,000,000 unemployed, and at midsummer she had 2,600,000.

There are no official statistics of unemployment in the United States, but the workless have been variously estimated this year at from three to five millions.

It is serious enough that we have nearly two millions unemployed. But we have not so many as "advancing Germany" or "prosperous America."

Ah, but look at our exports! We cannot carry on if, as exporters, we are beaten by other countries.

True, but even in the bad first quarter of this year our exports of manufactured goods were 4 per cent. above those of ascending 1924.

And, if we compare ourselves with other countries, how can we say that we are being beaten out of the field when we have before us the following official figures, announced on July 8:

Exports per head of the population (for the year 1929).

The American	£5	10s.	5d.
The Frenchman	6	3s.	2d.
The German	7	10s.	6d.
The Briton	12	15s.	1d.

That does not look as if we were quite beaten out of the markets of the world.

Let us grant the fact that British trade (mainly owing to special circumstances in the heavy industries) has been in a poor way *under all the Governments* since 1921.

Then, when we look a little closer, we shall see that it is not nearly so hopeless as it is made out to be, and that there are good reasons to expect improvement the moment the plotters at the top of finance and industry give the trader a chance.

First, let us observe that the very bad spots are local—not general—and even in some of these there are signs of better times coming.

The coal exported in 1929 was 20 per cent. more than that exported in 1928, and nearly equal to that of 1924. It is now only waiting for normal activity in other industries to resume its progress.

Similarly, iron and steel, which have been in a terrible plight for years, showed an output in 1929 higher by 11½ per cent. than that of 1924.

The blackest spot of all is in Lancashire and Northern Cheshire, the cotton country, with Manchester-Salford as its industrial centre, Liverpool its exporting centre.

But the slump there is due to conditions in India and China, and no cotton manufacturer believes that he could alter the state of the cotton trade by changing the Government.

IF bad trade were due to the existence of a Labour Government it would be the same in all parts of the country. But, in fact, the distribution of unemployment is extraordinarily unequal.

At the end of July more than one-fourth of all the unemployment in Great Britain was concentrated in Lancashire and Cheshire.

Nearly one-half of the total amount was in five counties—Lancashire, Yorkshire, Durham, Cumberland and Cheshire.

More than two-thirds was in fourteen counties—six English, four Scottish, and four Welsh. In these fourteen counties there was 68.9 per cent. of all the unemployment of Great Britain.

In Lancashire, last month, the percentage of unemployed among the insured population was 26.3 per cent. In Greater London, with its larger population, the percentage was only 7.3 per cent. In Surrey and Sussex it was between 3 and 4 per cent.

If bad trade in certain areas is all the fault of the Government, how is it that the same Government has not also ruined London?

We do not mean that Governments cannot help. Of course they can and must help, and should not delay in getting on with constructive schemes to promote useful employment.

BUT their efforts will be abortive if the heads of the business community, backed by the Tory politicians, are determined to keep trade back.

The situation ought now to be beginning to improve. The world prices of raw materials, which have been falling and falling, so that manufacturers were afraid to buy, are believed to have reached bottom. Now is the time for them to begin to go full steam ahead.

But they are waiting, they say, for the buyers, and the buyers are holding back. Why? Because the big business men themselves are encouraging panic.

They have said that Mr. Snowden and his colleagues have destroyed confidence. It is they—the business men—who are seeing to it that confidence does not revive.

How can merchants expect to sell their wares if they adopt an attitude of despair, and refuse to advertise? How can small business men be expected to spend money in repairing or enlarging their premises if the bankers decline to give them credit?

Trade is being kept back by the very people whose business, whose duty, whose self-interest even, it is to encourage optimism and restore confidence.

What is needed now is that advertisers should begin to advertise, that business men should repair their premises, and that merchants should renew their stocks.

If the High Command in the business world would play the game the rank and file would be all right.

WILL SCOTT,
the Famous Humorist,
Tackles a Serious Subject

". . . Smile in front of a movie camera"

IS life becoming too easy? Effort appears to be on the eve of elimination from human existence. If things go on as they are going on, before very long it will be quite unnecessary for any of us to do anything on earth. There will be nothing left to do.

Effort used to be the keynote of human existence. We had to do things to win things. If we wanted to get to the top of a hill we had to climb the hill. Not so to-day. A slick electric railway will take us there. It is no trouble.

Nothing is any trouble any longer.

If our grandfathers wanted warmth they had to get coal and paper and firewood and fight with a draught or the lack of a draught. To-day we press a button and the room turns warm.

We no longer waste ten minutes a day preparing candles and candlesticks for the evening. We press another button and the room turns light.

We don't go to the endless trouble of our parents to heat the boiler on "bath night." A third button takes the trouble off our shoulders.

About all the effort required to-day to find one's way from the cradle to the grave is the effort necessary to press a series of buttons.

A day's work

Grandfather may have been a heavy sleeper. The strain on the will-power required to get him up at six in the morning must have been considerable.

He must have fallen asleep thinking about nothing but six o'clock in the morning. Six o'clock in the morning must have filled his dreams.

We don't lose any sleep over six o'clock in the morning now. We buy a cheap gadget that looks like a clock and it tells us when it's time to get up.

There are so many of these gadgets in modern civilisation that it is no longer necessary to get up at six o'clock in the morning.

In America gadgets have brought about the five-day week. It is conceivable that in the future gadgets will bring about the No-day Week.

It won't be necessary to go to work to earn our living. We shall merely press a button.

And having pressed the button and done our day's work, perhaps we shall be able to turn over and go to sleep again.

Perhaps the man of the future will stay in bed all the time!

This may seem like the nightmare of a lunatic, but in truth things are heading that way.

Our mothers once used soap to help them do the washing. Now the market is flooded with soaps that do all the washing themselves, leaving mother to sit in the arm-chair and think how lucky she is compared with grandmamma.

But is she really lucky?

Rather is not this effortless age nothing less than a disguised curse?

"Canned" diaries

Life is action. It is events, experience, things done. When there is nothing left to do, what will there be to live for?

Consider the things it is no longer necessary to do.

It is no longer necessary to watch the Sunday joint cooking. A little dial at the side of the oven will do that, and turn off the gas when the joint is cooked.

It is no longer necessary to beat the carpet. A kind of balloon on a pole takes the job out of our hands.

Food comes to us ready cooked in packets. All we have to do is warm it up. Five-minute foods they are called, because they require five minutes' warming.

Soon somebody will reduce the five minutes to one minute. Perhaps later on the foods will cook themselves on being taken out of the packets.

No man need endure the effort of recording his day's doings in his diary. He can languidly lisp the record into a dictaphone and the dictaphone will "can" the record for him.

No farmer need sow: a machine will do it for him. No farmer need reap: another machine will attend to that.

Robot photos

No flapper need trouble to learn the piano, an effort which lets her in for years and years of drudgery. For a few shillings M. Paderewski himself will play the piano for her—one piece on each side of the record.

"Coos the news into our ear"

We can now shave without hot water, soap or brush. And no doubt some genius at this moment is solving the problem of how to dispense with the razor itself.

Photographing grandpa was an ordeal, particularly for grandpa. It reduced the photographer to tears and grandpa was grumpy for weeks.

But you need never see the photographer—in fact, he is ceasing to exist. You put a shilling in the slot, and a robot does the rest.

In all its phases modern life is becoming like that.

Ease, comfort, lack of effort, lack of the need for effort.

Metals that will not rust or tarnish, cloths that will not tear, glass that will not break. "Nothing could be easier" is the slogan on most of the commodities that are sold to-day.

This is the era of the labour-saving device. But for what are we saving our labour?

Labour-saving devices are time-saving devices. What are we doing with the extra time that we have on our hands?

Are we experiencing more? Are we going to more places, doing more things? Or is the extra time on our hands merely waste time?

Does it mean merely more time to sit in the cosy arm-chair?

Chairs were never so comfortable as in this Arm-chair Age.

Comfort we demand, and arm-chair designers strain their brains to devise the very last word in comfort for us.

We have become so used to having the effort taken out of the things we do when we are not sitting that we demand the effort should be taken out of the sitting itself!

And so we sit in the very maximum of comfort by our artificial—but very easy and labour-saving—fires, enjoying the leisure that comes to us after a strenuous day of slot-filling and button-pressing.

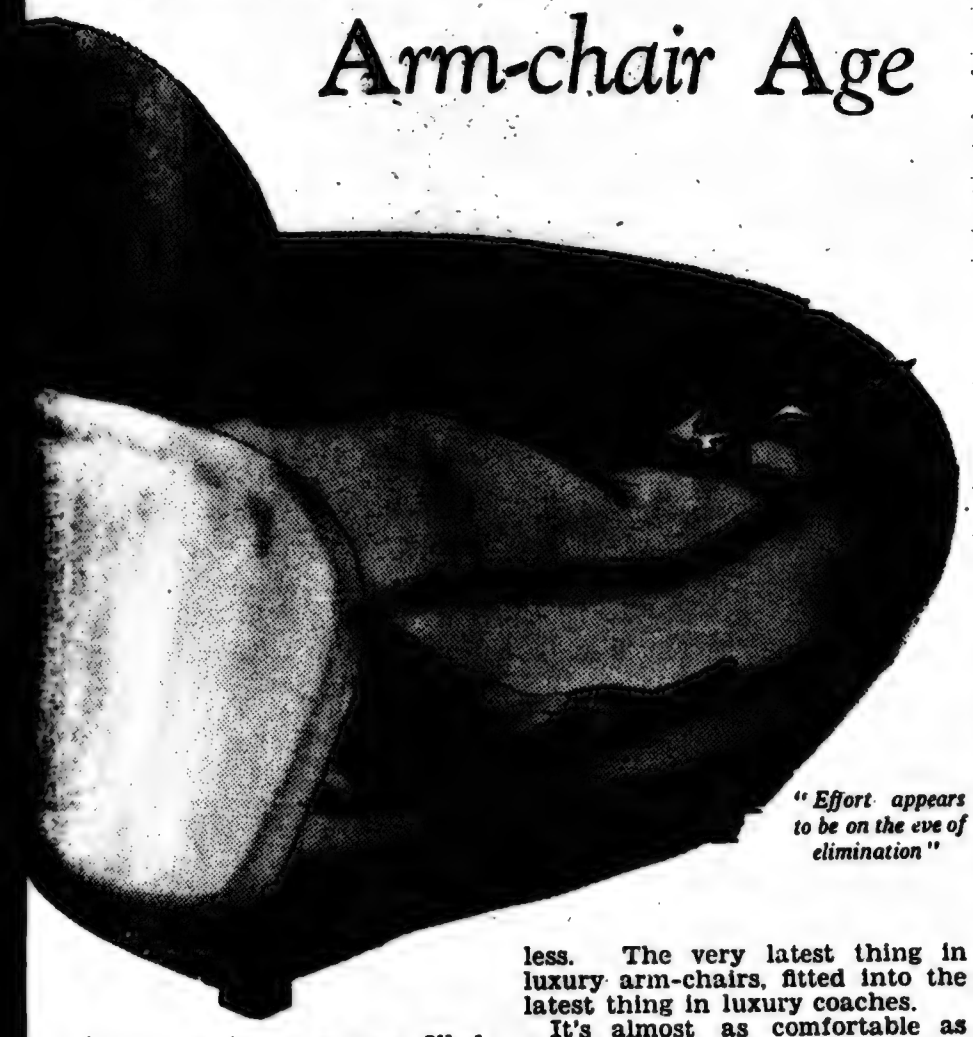
We may want to know if the clock is right. If so, we don't walk down to the town-hall to look at the town clock, like grandpa did. We reach three inches out of our arm-chair and twirl a knob. Then six pips from Greenwich tell us.

We may want to know what is happening in the world outside. What a bore to cross the room and pick up the paper! We twirl the knob again, and a gentleman at the B.B.C. coos the news into our ear.

If we want to go to the opera in Berlin or spend the evening at the Palladium nowadays we cross neither the North Sea nor Oxford Street. We don't even cross the room. The same knob receives its third twirl and we fall back in our arm-chair panting from the exertion.

NO-DAY WEEK

From This Arm-chair Age



"Effort appears to be on the eve of elimination"

True, sometimes we are filled with an unsatisfied energy and feel we must go somewhere.

So we go out and climb into another arm-chair and go somewhere. Admitted this other arm-chair is only one of forty, and they call the whole thing a 'bus or a motor-coach.

But it's an arm-chair none the less. The very latest thing in luxury arm-chairs, fitted into the latest thing in luxury coaches.

It's almost as comfortable as staying at home.

After a mile or two we stagger out and totter into a kinema or theatre.

Remember the hard benches grandpa used to sit on for a shilling at the old Theatre Royal? Perhaps you don't. You are luckier than grandpa.

You can get a cosy arm-chair in almost any kinema to-day for sixpence. And you can stay there all day if you feel inclined. You can sleep there.

Perhaps, though, you think it rather low to travel in a 'bus with ordinary people. Perhaps you prefer to have your own floating arm-chair, and not merely one of forty.

"Windows that close themselves when the evenings turn cool"

Wheeled arm-chairs

In that case you get what is called a car. It isn't a car really. It's an arm-chair with wheels and an engine. And even the wheels have monster cushion-tyres so that you shan't suffer discomfort from the road.

It would be too terrible to suffer discomfort from the road. As a nation we spend untold millions every year making the roads perfectly comfortable. But still it would be too terrible.

Possibly we spend the millions in order to make it nice and comfy for the poor tyres.

Grandpa never had his car. He never saw one. He had his carriage and pair, with rigid springs and roads like mountain ranges.

It seems remarkable that with all the things against him, grandpa ever got on with the job of ruling the Colonies, building up a gigantic business, raising an enormous family and living to be healthy and hearty at eighty.

Perhaps it was just luck—not real grit, as in our case.

It must have been luck, because grandpa never had the leisure to sit for hours in the arm-chair and really think things out, like we do.

We've got another advantage over grandpa. If he wanted his carriage and pair, costing £600, he had to get up early and work for the £600 first.

We've got the laugh over grandpa there! If we want an arm-chair on wheels—in other words, a car—costing £600, *we* don't have to get up early and work for the £600.

Thirty or forty pounds will do to put down. Then we can drive about in our cosy arm-chair and think out how to raise the rest. Why should we be worried about raising a miserable £600?

This Age of Comfort has made all that easy for us. And very rightly too.

If grandpa, dashing along at fifteen miles an hour in his carriage and pair, had the misfortune to maim a pedestrian, it sometimes let grandpa in for £2,000 in damages. Indeed, sometimes grandpa never really slept well again.

But we, in our cosy arm-chair, doing sixty, needn't lose sleep over such a trifle as a crumpled-up pedestrian. We don't pay £2,000 in damages. Things are much easier and more comfortable in these days.

Nothing needed

We pay ten or twenty pounds a year to some unobtrusive insurance company to make life easier for us. The insurance company talks to the pedestrian and settles the bill for us.

We can settle down in our arm-chair and fall asleep if we like.

Wonderful times, really!

Of neither money nor energy need we expend much. When grandpa married he had first to make sure he had the necessary to buy the home for grandmamma.

Not so in these enlightened times.

The furnishing company have the money. Also they have the furniture—and the plain vans.

We need nothing. Not even references.

We needn't even go and exhaust ourselves by looking at the furniture. We are provided with beautiful coloured catalogues to peruse at our ease in our comfortable arm-chair.

Life itself is fitted with balloon tyres to-day so that we shan't feel the shocks from the beastly road.

What a ghastly nuisance to have to ventilate one's larder! Instal an electric freezer and let it do the work.

What a frightful bore to have to light a fire at a picnic! Fill a vacuum-flask and let your muscles have a rest.

It is certainly wonderfully stimulating to bask in the ultra-something rays of the sun. But when patent glass will bring those very ultra-something rays of the sun into your very room—nay, on to your very arm-chair—why, you'd be a fool to move.

And so, of course, you don't move. You don't go to the sun. You make the sun come to you.

Think of the strain on the nerves by striking matches. The mechanical lighter saves all that, so that we must have much stronger nerves than our parents for this one reason alone.

How wearing to the brain, having to add up columns and columns of figures.

Well, at any rate, adding machines are becoming cheaper every day, and Britons shan't be slaves to figures very much longer.

Who wants brains?

Very out of date is the car that hasn't radiator shutters that close when night turns frosty. And on this principle no doubt we may soon expect house windows that close themselves when the evenings turn cool.

It's a bore and a nuisance and really not very dignified, you know, to have to do things to get things. What we are after is to be able to do nothing at all and get things just the same.

Take fortunes. Grandpa had to work for forty years, or go to Africa and dig for diamonds for months. It was a real, solid, disgusting job piling up a fortune in grandpa's days. And as for grandmamma, she never got a chance.

To-day brother buys fifteen shillingsworth in somebody's sweep, or fills in a coupon in somebody's competition. Scores of brothers are doing this sort of thing. Fortunes are being won every week.

As for sister, all she need do is smile in front of a movie camera. She needn't have any talent. She needn't have any brains. Brains are so tiring. Besides, when all that's required to win a fortune is a bright smile, why trouble to cultivate brains?

Some of the easy fortunes of this easy age are paid by us to comedians to make us laugh when we feel we ought to. And we needn't go to see them do it either. We can just twirl that old knob once more.

Something wrong

The age that we're living in to-day is a thousand times more comfortable and "arm-chairish" than any other age in history.

We ought to be a thousand times more restful than any preceding generation.

But are we?

The things that used to fray one's nerves are being wiped out one by one—or hundred by hundred.

Yet frayed nerves appear to be on the increase.

If what we read in the daily papers is true, we are not one scrap the better than any of the other ages that preceded this Arm-chair Age.

And there are nearly two million people in Britain who crave for work as a means of getting a decent livelihood.

Something seems to have gone wrong somewhere!

"Have a Manikin" has become a popular invitation amongst all good fellows.

There's a soothing charm about Manikins—a ripe nutty flavour and a fragrance that runs round the palate like a glass of old port.

That's why Manikins are smoked by tens of thousands who are keen on getting the utmost smoke-joy for their money.

N.B. — Though so good, Manikins are an economical pleasure —10d. buys 5 and your tobacconist will know you for a connoisseur in smokes immediately you ask for a packet.

MANIKIN
·CIGARS·
MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR
5 FOR 10D.
All Tobacconists Sell Manikins

FREE!

Readers of "John Bull" can obtain a liberal Free sample of CICFA by sending the Coupon in the advert. on page 31.

REAL LIFE STORIES—

by famous Authors

BIRDS *of a* FEATHER

THE mountains towered high above us. Great bulwarks against the sky, they stretched miles to the west. Eagles could often be seen flying in the heavens until they became tiny specks and disappeared in the unfathomable blue.

A decrepit crew of vagabonds, we envied and despised the occupants of automobiles that rolled by our camp.

Unbathed muckers and shovellers of dirt, weary of work and the world, the drones of life made to labour that we might eat, with nerves torn and jagged from too long contact with one another, we sought our hard bunks each night with a snarl, and rose with aching muscles and a snarl the next morning.

During the long evenings we talked of many subjects. There were some who never mentioned women—neither wife, mother, nor sweetheart. One, the Champion Mucker of the crew, spoke of his mother It was to her credit.

The Champion Mucker, his yellow, weazened face puckered like the end of a dried lemon, his eyes half closed, a stub pipe in the left corner of his crooked mouth, his black satin shirt open at the throat, his legs crossed, his elbow resting on a patched knee, was heard to mutter, "That's like my mother was—a good scout."

That was all. His crooked mouth tightened about the stub pipe again, as I looked at him, the while envying his heavy build and great strength.

The mucker next to me looked up at the stars, which now shone more brightly in the moonless sky. He wore no hat, and his hair, clipped close, was pointed in the centre of a narrow forehead.

He whistled softly, with his tongue against the roof of his mouth, and now and then emitted a sound like the hiss of a young rattler. We called him "Rattle" as a result.

His lower eyelids fell away from his red-streaked eyes. A vivid horseshoe scar curved around his left cheek. He was gaunt and heavily muscled.

"A guy tried to tell me in Denver that them stars kept ramblin' all the time," said Rattle, "when any boob knows they're fastened up there. What d'ye know 'bout that kind of hokum, fellas?"

THE spell of the night upon us, no one answered for a moment. Suddenly the Champion Mucker took the pipe from his crooked mouth and blurted out: "Gawd, Rattle, you're dumb. What 'ud hold 'em up there if they wasn't movin'? I read about 'em for fifteen years—all I could."

We all looked at the Champion Mucker. "Them stars are further away than the sun, and they're travellin' like hell and high-water all the time. An' the sun's near a hundred million miles from here. You get that, Rattle!"

"Ah, bunk," the latter grunted.

"Well, you may not believe it, Rattle, but I'm talkin' to the other guys with some brains."

Rattle subsided. Soon we heard the familiar soft hiss.

Just then a panther screamed. It grated on our nerves like a file on glass.

"It must be hurt," cut in one of the men. "I heard one of them scream that way one night, an' the next mornin' I found it goin' around with its eyes pecked out."

"Ah, hell!" jerked Rattle, "more hokum."

"Well, it may be hokum, but I got ten bucks for its hide just the same," was the response.

The Champion Mucker again took the stub pipe from his crooked mouth.

"They got it all doped out, an' they can measure the miles in the air just like you can measure a stretch of road.

The sun's so far away that if you shot a bullet out of a gun an' it kept travellin' like it started it 'ud be six years gittin' there.

"If that train we just heard whistle run sixty mile an hour without stoppin,' it 'ud be a hundred an' seventy-five years gettin' there. An' it 'ud cost you near two million bucks if any of you paid your fare on it."

"A guy'd sure save money bein' a hobo up there," laughed a dynamiter called Frisco Tom.

When the laughter died away, a voice said, "How big's the sun?"

"'Bout a hundred times bigger'n the world," replied the Champion Mucker. We all gasped, while Rattle laughed out loud.

"Why, you poor fish," he snorted, "it's inside the world. How could it be bigger? You kin see it rollin' around inside the sky every day."

His frenzy of erudition ignored, Rattle rose and stamped off to the camp.

LATE into the night the Champion Mucker held us with his knowledge of far-away heavens. We questioned and disputed. How could anything be bigger than the world? That wasn't possible. Our imaginations refused to grasp it.

But the Champion Mucker always replied: "It's so as can be. I read it in books, every bit of it, for fifteen years."

"Well, the sun sunk blood-red last night," said Frisco Tom. "There 'll be a storm to-morrow."

"How do you mean—to-morrow? It's to-morrow now. Stick around here much longer'n you can see the sun come up," commented another.

"No, you won't see it come up. It's blacker'n thunder 'n the east," was Frisco Tom's comment. "But anyhow," he continued, "I'm glad it's Sunday. Me for the hay. Good-night, everybody."

"Good-night, Frisco," was the unisoned reply.

Soon we, the muckers of earth, followed Frisco Tom to the camp.

DAWN soon crawled across the world, and the sun burst through the heavy clouds. Spider-webs glistened on the lower branches of the sentinel spruce.

The dewdrops shone on the mountain grass like little balls of quicksilver. Then the sun disappeared behind the clouds again.

The early-rising habit of years was not to be broken by Sunday morning. The hum of voices was soon heard in the camp.

One of the bunks was already empty. Rattle was on a tour of inspection. Before long he returned, saying as he entered the door, "By damn, I just caught a pip of an eagle."

We were alert as he went on, rubbing his large hands together: "The old boy'd squeezed in 'tween some rocks and couldn't git out. He's got a big, white head and a long beak. He's a genuine American eagle."

"What'd you do with him?" asked the Champion Mucker, eagerly.

"Tied him to a scrub-oak. His leg's kinda hurt an' the sparrows 've been peckin' it. His wings are good though. All I could do to hold him."

"We'll have to go an' take a look at 'im after we scoff," said the Champion Mucker.

"Sure," said Rattle.

"THE Champion Mucker staggered backward as a bullet tore through his flesh . . ."

Illustrated by TOM PEDDIE

by JIM TULLY, the "hobo-novelist"

After breakfast we walked to the oak that held the eagle prisoner. The bird's leg was tied to the tree. The sparrows flew up behind it in a flutter of courage.

The eagle would move painfully and the sparrows would scamper away. But they were back in an instant.

At last, as if weary of the useless effort, it turned its sad eyes to the mountains, as if to say, "What's the use? I'm a poor eagle if I can't stand the peck of a sparrow."

"Poor devil," said the Champion Mucker, slowly; "it's leg's all pecked raw. It should have stayed in the mountains. It 'ud never got in trouble then. It don't belong down here."

"I wonder if it had a fight with a panther," mumbled a mucker.

"Maybe—you can't never tell," answered another. "An eagle'll battle anything."

Rattle rubbed his immense, finger-twisted hands in glee, while we, straggles on the outposts of the world, looked at the captured bird.

It turned its head slowly and looked at the Champion Mucker. It was as if the intuition of its cloud-scraping bird soul had whispered that he was a friend.

"That old bird knows you, Champ," laughed Frisco Tom.

The Champion Mucker made no answer, but said half to himself, "Poor old scout," and then looked away at the far-stretched mountains, over which heavy clouds were rolling.

THEN, gazing straight at Rattle, the Champion Mucker asked, "What you goin' to do with him, Rattle?"

The eagle stretched his wings as Rattle answered. "Cage him up an' sell him. Lots of zoos pay good dough for live eagles."

Some raindrops fell as two streaks of lightning flared above the mountains. There was a long pause in which not a word was spoken. The Champion Mucker looked at the eagle as he moved towards Rattle.

"You don't cage that bird up," he growled, as his fist crashed against Rattle's jaw and crumpled the captor of eagles on the ground.

The Champion Mucker rushed towards the eagle, when the sudden report of a revolver was heard. He staggered backward as a bullet tore through the flesh of his left shoulder. He regained his balance quickly.

Frisco Tom knocked the revolver from Rattle's hand, as, rising, he lunged toward the Champion Mucker.

"You hain't got a lame eagle now," screamed the latter. "Come on an' battle." He crouched low and waited while Rattle made a half circle and closed in. He was met with a storm of terrific blows.

As he backed away, the Champion Mucker's hand caught his collar and tore the shirt from his body. "I like to fight 'em naked," he yelled.

A loud echo of thunder followed a vivid flash of lightning. Raindrops rattled on the leaf-strewn ground.

WITH faces drawn and blood-streaked, the fierce antagonists looked the figures of men strong enough to defy the elements. Thunder crashed again and heavy raindrops fell to the ground with fury. The men clinched and fell, then rose, still clinging to each other.

Breaking from the clinch, they set themselves for battle. Rattle shot a heavy fist upward which caught the Champion Mucker on the chin and knocked him many feet backward.

He fell heavily to the ground. Rising quickly, he whirled madly into the fray again.

The contagion of battle fanned the sleeping elemental fires dormant in the meekest among us as the gladiators struggled backward against the tree which held the eagle captive.

It moved quickly and pecked at Rattle's leg. He backed quickly away from it.

Breaking apart, the men struck each other again and again. Faces trickling with blood, jaws hanging low, breasts heaving, clothing torn from their backs, they mumbled incoherently through lacerated lips.

Punch-drunk from the brain-jarring monotony of the blows, they fell apart and then staggered toward each other again, as an eagle flew over the trees.

After a breathless moment, Rattle caught the Champion Mucker above the heart, and he stopped dead in his tracks. Another blow followed and struck him on the jaw. His eyes rolled for a second, his muscles relaxed and his knees started to sink beneath him.

Then, with a mighty effort of will, he pulled himself together in time to meet the rush of his fierce antagonist.

"You hain't got me yet, you rat," groaned the Champion Mucker as Rattle landed a smashing blow and yelled, "I'll learn you to let my eagle alone."

UNDAUNTED, the Champion Mucker worked in close and clinched. Suddenly his boa-constrictor arm went about Rattle's waist. It was the dreaded hammerlock—breaker of bodies and hearts.

In retaliation, Rattle's great hand covered the Champion Mucker's forehead, the thumb reaching to the right eye, the large fingers tangled in the hair.

The Champion Mucker moved his head quickly to save his eye from being gouged out. With muscles swelling and quivering, they struggled for mastery.

Rattle's waist was compressed until it was no larger than a slender woman's, and still the immense arm of the Champion Mucker held him tighter.

There was a crash and a spurt of flame. An oak-tree was split by the lightning. A burned branch fell to the ground. The Champion Mucker released his arm in consternation.

Calm covered storm with a ghastly silence. An engine-whistle blew, fantastic and far away, like a fairy train on the way to the moon.

The men clinched again, and suddenly Rattle released his grip and caught the Champion Mucker on the chin with a blow that knocked his head backward with a violent jerk.

The Champion Mucker's knees sagged while Rattle pounced tigerishly upon him.

AS quick as thought, a skin-torn and blood-covered mallet of pain shot upward. It missed. An overhand right from Rattle also missed They countered and missed again.

The fist shot upward once more. A man crumpled on the wet ground.

It was Rattle.

The conqueror rushed toward the eagle and cut the heavy cord that bound it. The great bird mounted on graceful wings and flew away to the far-off freedom.

The Champion Mucker gazed with happy eyes and shouted: "Good-bye, old scout: you're free. No guy can stick anything in a cage around me an' git away with it. Not after me doin' fifteen years in jail."

"Let's carry Rattle to the camp," suggested Frisco Tom. "He'll git drowned out here."

"Sure thing," volunteered the Champion Mucker. "Let's do."

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GEORGE GODWIN

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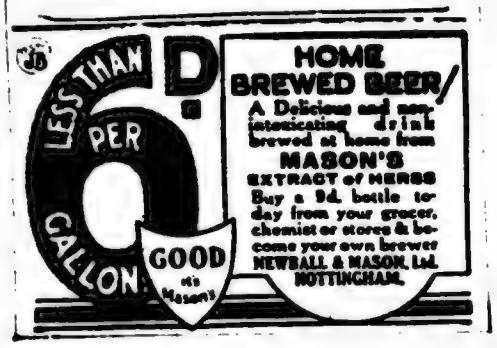

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The conjurer relies on sleight of hand to deceive the eye, and ordinary economy tobaccos depend on "flavourings" and "perfume" to deceive the smoker's sense of taste and smell. Made from crude, coarse leaf, such tobaccos need "faking" and "doctoring" to camouflage their bite and tang.

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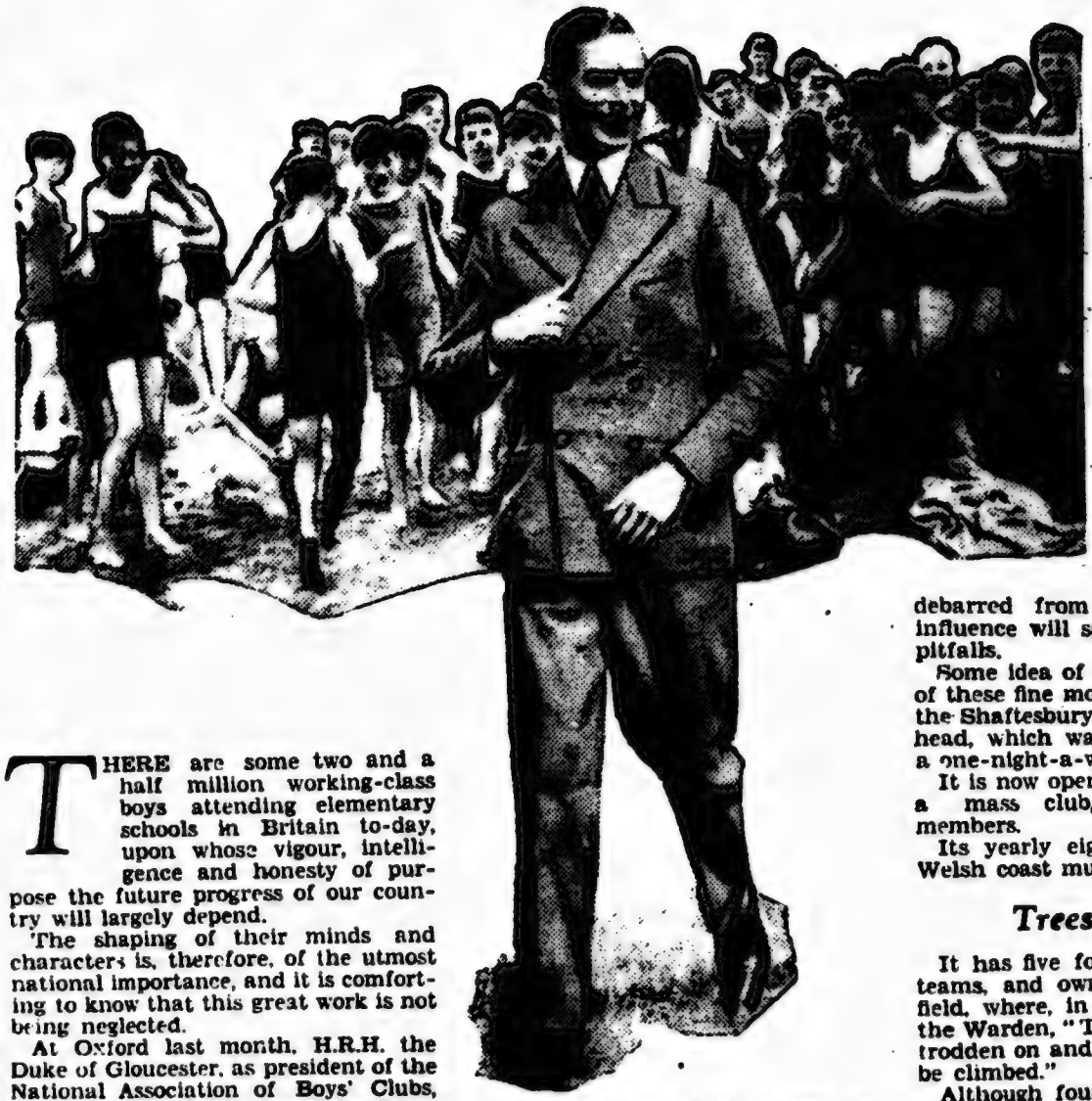

H.R.H. the Duke of York, a pioneer in the camp movement.

"Were it not for the camps, thousands such as these might never see the sea or smell the fragrance of a country lane"

THERE are some two and a half million working-class boys attending elementary schools in Britain to-day, upon whose vigour, intelligence and honesty of purpose the future progress of our country will largely depend.

The shaping of their minds and characters is, therefore, of the utmost national importance, and it is comforting to know that this great work is not being neglected.

At Oxford last month, H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, as president of the National Association of Boys' Clubs, addressed an assembly of 240 officers and secretaries who control organisations embracing a membership of over 100,000 future citizens of the Empire.

Many of these lads are poor beyond belief. Were it not for the organisations referred to, thousands of them might never see the sea nor smell the fragrance of a country lane

As it is, nearly every club runs its holiday-camp, which spells an annual release from a wilderness of bricks and mortar for its youthful members.

Over 120 lads are at present enjoying a holiday in camp at New Downs Farm, Sandwich, where, for two weeks, they can breathe health-giving air and give full rein to their boisterous spirits in rural surroundings.

Thousand to sun

Many of their fathers are unemployed, but they have saved their pennies towards the scheme, and the Fairbairn House Junior Boys' Club, of which they are all members, sees that they have a jolly time.

One wonderful holiday camp-centre is the Arnold-Briant Camp at Deal. It is the result of the combined efforts of Lord Arnold and Mr. Frank Briant, and is open throughout the summer.

More than a thousand boys will spend two weeks there during this season; two weeks of unbelievable delight, with a tonic effect to body and brain that can hardly be estimated.

Consider the case of one lad, who lives in a narrow street off the Kennington Road, London.

His father has been unemployed for two years. The home consists of two overcrowded rooms, into which the sun seldom peeps.

Holidays for anyone were quite out of the question until the schoolmaster took this boy's name for the camp at Deal.

Then there is a wistful young boy whose widowed mother has two other children whom she struggles to keep by charing.

She hasn't had a holiday for years, but she is happy to see her boy depart for the seaside camp, and happier still to see him return with healthy cheeks and a store of sun-given stamina to carry him through the winter.

Another eleven-year-old lad is one of five children who live with their parents in a single room in a graceless alley off Lambeth Walk.

The father is a salesman, working on a commission basis only; the rent is in arrears, and instalments are due on the clothing that they wear.

But this boy is going to Deal for his second year.

When he returned last year he distinguished himself by writing a brilliant essay on the lifeboat there; this year his schoolmaster is keenly anticipating the youngster's impressions of Canterbury Cathedral.

From a gloomy basement room, which he shares with his mother and two sisters, comes a lad whose father is serving a sentence of penal servitude for housebreaking.

He is intelligent and shows promise of developing into a fine citizen. He is now enjoying himself and learning many valuable lessons amongst the other boys in camp.

When he is released his case will be before a committee with power to apprentice him to a trade or calling for which he displays aptitude.

It is good to know that such lads are not penalised by a lapse of their parents, and are not debarred from joining clubs whose influence will save them from similar pitfalls.

Some idea of the rapid development of these fine movements is afforded by the Shaftesbury Boys' Club, of Barnehead, which was originally opened as a one-night-a-week club in 1886.

It is now open almost every night; a mass club, with hundreds of members.

Its yearly eight-day camp on the Welsh coast musters about 200 boys.

Trees to climb!

It has five football and five cricket teams, and owns a six-acre playing field, where, in the eloquent words of the Warden, "The grass is meant to be trodden on and the trees are meant to be climbed."

Although founded only in 1926, the Meadow Boys' Club, of Nottingham, has a membership of more than two hundred, and boasts a large club-room, gymnasium, baths and dressing-rooms.

One of the largest federations of boys' clubs is the Liverpool Boys' Association, with a membership of 12,000, while the Manchester and District Lads' Association has over 8,000 on its register.

Other clubs dedicated to youth on the same lines are to be found in Scotland and in the colliery districts of Wales.

The Association of Boys' Clubs in Edinburgh has 4,719 members, while the South Wales Federation of Boys' Clubs watches the welfare of nearly all the sand colliery lads.

Thus the splendid movement is spreading everywhere, and it will continue to grow in usefulness as the boys who have benefited by it enter into citizenship equipped with the ideals they have gained.

The health-givers

It is a great work, this training and development of the rising generation of British boys, and it is being watched with the keenest interest by our colonies, which see in the product of these various clubs "the right type" of settler and empire-builder.

It is significant that the recent appearance of the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of South Africa, during his stay in Britain, was at a display given by the Brady Boys' Club in Camberwell, London.

Let us doff our hats to all those high-spirited men and women who each day devoting their energies to the wondrous task of moulding the men of to-morrow.

The fruits of their labours will one day manifest themselves in social reforms, for they are sending into the world a generation of healthy-minded young men who may be depended upon to maintain the ideals inculcated in youth.

ALL CHANGE, *please!*

This is the title to one of the fourteen splendid stories in the JOHN BULL Summer Holiday Annual—price sixpence.

If you are tired of ordinary jokes and summer fiction, change over to the JOHN BULL Summer Annual. Take it on your holiday.

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SHE likes to be at her best when he comes home. Her day is a full one—looking after a home and the children. But she is always bright and cheerful in the evening.

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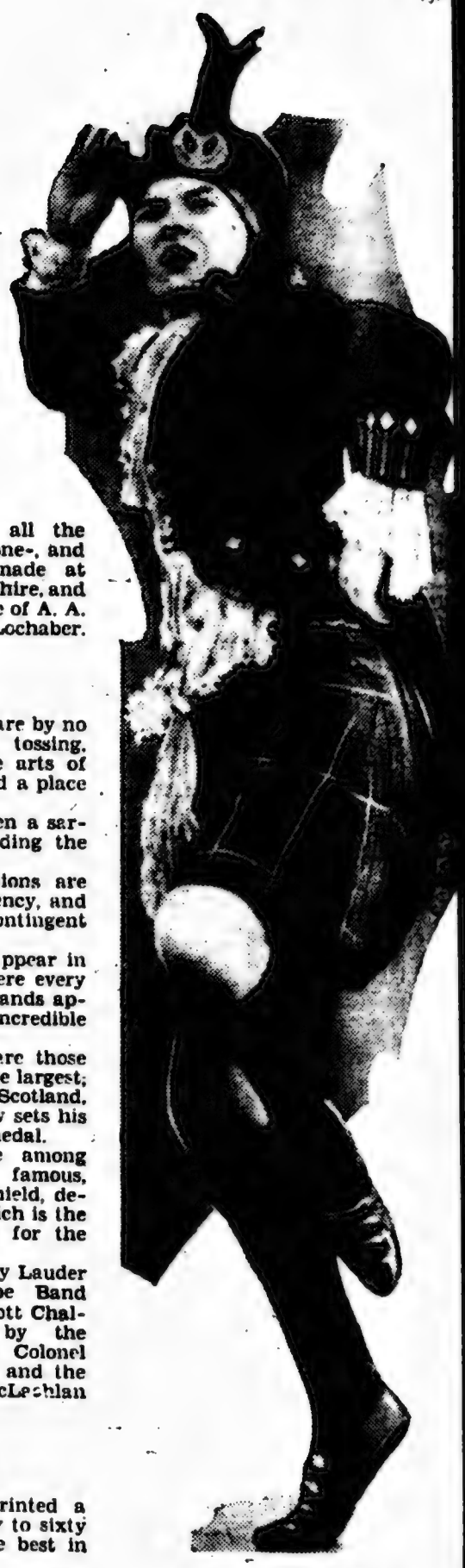


The Highland dancing is the finest in Scotland

IN spite of depopulation and the motor-car—that eat the soul out of race tradition—the glorious annual Festival of Highland Games, which began on August 3, stands, as ever, unimpaired.

How much the Gatherings owe to the beauty of their surroundings and to the magic—that rich, indefinable magic propounded of high romance and splendid historical association—of their place-names would be hard to say.

Strathallan, Braemar, Aboyne, Lochaber, Alva, Inverary, Inverness—the list is long of the towns and glens that have lost nothing of their magic, though the old clans that peopled so many of them are scattered.

At Royal Braemar the King rides up the sward drawn by scarlet-coated outriders on prancing white horses. The royal pavilion is strikingly decorated with fir sprays and festoons of heather.

A great spectacle

The spectacle remains unforgettable in sight of 20,000 watching eyes. As the King takes his place, the three clans—the Royal or. Balmoral Highlanders, the Duffs and the Invercauld Highlanders—march past.

Each clan wears its distinctive tartan, sprig of heather and holly in clan badges. Each bears the ancient arms, claymore, halberd and Lochaber axe. The sun shines out on the standards raised on the Braes of Mar.

The Braemar Gathering through its royal associations is considered to be the finest meeting of the Games, but neither in antiquity nor athletic tradition does it vie with the Games at Innerleithen or at Pitlochry. In size it does not compare with the famous Cowal Gathering at Dunoon.

But it is no inferior pick of Scotland's tartan-clad sinew and agility that performs at Braemar. Great weights are flung, stones put and cabers tossed with the best.

And the Highland dancing of the young people is among the finest in Scotland.

Aboyne, also of royal association, is notable for its splendid arena—a flat, spacious green set in a circle of hills girt even to the tops in pine—and Donald Dinnie.

The caber champion

Donald was considered to be the greatest tosser of the caber in modern times, and his records stood for generations. He was still a champion at fifty-three.

A caber is a trunk of a tree some sixteen to twenty feet long. It is set up with its heavy end on top, lifted from underneath, carried a few yards at the run, and when the heavy end begins to topple forward, the light end is thrust upwards from the hand with full strength.

As the heavy end strikes the ground, the small end continues its upward course until it reaches the perpendicular, when it falls forward to lie in a straight line with the tosser.

It is not the distance that the caber is thrown, but the ease and grace of the action and the straightest lie with the tosser that win the prize.

Donald Dinnie earned fame with the caber for royal Aboyne, but all the world records in hammer-, stone-, and weight-throwing have been made at the Pitlochry Games in Perthshire, and they stand mainly in the name of A. A. Cameron, the Hercules from Lochaber.

Fine prizes

Highland Games, however, are by no means confined to throwing, tossing, running and "leaping." The arts of dancing and pipe-playing hold a place of equal importance.

In some Games there is even a sartorial contest devoted to finding the best-dressed Highlander.

The pipe-playing competitions are conducted with ruthless efficiency, and there is often an overseas contingent to make the running warm.

Overseas contestants also appear in the dancing competitions, where every child and youth in the Highlands appears to display prowess of incredible precocity.

The most popular Games are those staged at Cowal. They are the largest, richest and most varied in Scotland, and every Scot left in Glasgow sets his heart on winning a Cowal medal.

These prized rewards are among those which include the famous, beautifully-wrought Argyll Shield, designed by Princess Louise, which is the world's championship trophy for the Open Pipe Band contest.

There are also the Sir Harry Lauder Shield for the Civilian Pipe Band Contest No. 1; the Walter Scott Challenge Trophy, presented by the greatest of American Scots, Colonel Walter Scott, of New York; and the Campbell, Cameron and MacLachlan trophies.

Massed pipers

In 1929 the Gathering printed a booklet of 100 pages, and fifty to sixty pipe bands, among them the best in the world, competed.

Fifty challenge trophies, 750 gold and silver medals and £250 in cash—the whole reaching the total value of £1,500—were distributed.

One of the great personalities at Cowal is the exceedingly handsome poet-piper, Pipe-Major John MacLellan, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders.

John MacLellan has now won popularity all over the world as a composer of bagpipe airs, and wherever the tuneful weapon is wailed, his "The Road to the Isles" is part of the repertory. The air now ranks as a national melody.

But perhaps the greatest spectacle of Cowal is the famous march past of 1,100 pipers playing "The Campbells Are Coming."

Unlike most of the great Games which were fostered into long life by illustrious names, the Cowal Gathering was first started by a humble man, a crofter named Robert Cameron.

Among the late season Gatherings are Gordon Castle, Strathpeffer, Lochaber, Oban, Skye, and then the world-famous Northern Meeting of Inverness, where the greater part of Scotland's aristocracy usually assembles.

The Games at Inverness are set in some of the richest historical surroundings in the Highlands. Here the site of Macbeth's castle, the clach-na-cudainn stone at the [illegible] Cross, the Gathering Hall where [illegible] mass, pipers start on Games morning, and St. Andrew's Cathedral in the park adjoining which the review is held.

Old Highland life

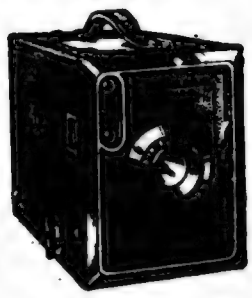
At Inverness, which is also the capital of the Highlands, will be held this year the Highland Exhibition from August 4 to September 20.

This unique exhibition, which will be attended by Scots from all parts of the world, will stage, among other things, the old life of the Highlands in dress, arms, textiles, relics and traditions.

But it is the Games upon which the Highland life will centre during the coming weeks, and whether one takes the high road or the low road into the mountains, he will hear the pipes skirling and see the kilts whirling in some tree-girt valley.

"....And then I took a close-up to make the story complete"

First, Aunt Molly and Jean starting their wild charge . . . then in full career—and next the close-up; hot and happy. Take your snaps one—two—three, and every page in your album will be a story in itself. Distance is no object to the Portrait Brownie. Whether it's close-up, or something a cricket pitch away, the Portrait Brownie will get either with equal ease. This is happiness hoarded up. Happiness for keeps!



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To-morrow morning apply it thoroughly and you will immediately banish a shiny nose and sallowness. Your skin will look fresh, youthful and velvety soft—and stay like that *all day*, in spite of perspiration, sun, wind or rain. Mousse of Cream (a patented ingredient exclusive with Poudre Tokalon) makes the powder very adhesive and practically invisible—prevents it from drying or caking on the skin—and has a tonic effect which helps to do away with all complexion blemishes. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Only a shilling a box, large box (double 1/- size) 1/6. Compacts 1/3. Refills 9d. Large de Luxe Compacts 1/9. Refills 1/-. The new Rachette shade (dark Rachel) is specially prepared for sun-tanned skins and pronounced brunette complexions.

Calamity such as this came to hundreds of homes

To the RESCUE!

IN two years five populated areas of Great Britain have been swept by great floods.

The magnitude and violence of these five visitations have been such that our geologists and engineers have to give thought to an entirely new problem in the interests of public safety.

There are few rivers to-day which, on rising, will not become wild torrents, break their banks, and leave a trail of havoc among homes and property.

Particularly is the peril apparent where it is most to be feared—in the populous parts of the valleys and around the towns bisected by the rivers.

Indisputably, the chief cause of the anger of the rivers is that for so many generations they have been allowed to be used as convenient dumps for waste from industries on their banks.

Junk and the unwanted residue from mills, factories and mines have been jettisoned into their waters so freely and for so long that the natural beds of the rivers have been choked.

Local authorities, blind to the growing danger, have done nothing to have them scoured or dredged.

Insurance surveyors, however, are well aware of the increasing menace, and will only offer protection against it in selected cases for which heavy and special premiums are charged.

IT is with some pride, therefore, that JOHN BULL can regard its effort to mitigate the loss and suffering of flood victims.

Alone among the newspapers and journals of the country, JOHN BULL includes in the benefits of its Free Insurance Scheme damage done in the homes of its registered readers by storm and flood.

A few days ago a great area of the North Riding of Yorkshire was cruelly ravaged by the worst deluges and riverbursts known there for two centuries.

Yorkshire people are not prone to advertise their troubles, and the rest of the country obtained only a subdued and partial account of the great loss and distress they have had to bear.

It was our privilege again to help.

So chaotic were the consequences of these floods that, even when they had subsided, there were towns and villages still out of touch with each other.

One place had not yet heard how another, perhaps only ten miles distant, fared against the waters that crashed so ruthlessly through the valleys.

Immediately it was realised in London how widespread and severe was the inundation, a relief organisation was dispatched to the stricken districts by the Free Insurance Department of JOHN BULL.

Within twenty minutes of their arrival our representatives had dealt with the first cases of loss found among our registered readers.

As fast as their reports came in since, cheques were sent out to the sufferers.

GREAT indeed was the need for prompt and generous action. Even in a small township like Stokesley were nearly 150 ruined homes.

The inhabitants had endured terrible experiences. In the night they were awakened by a roar that seemed to come from the heart of the hills.

It was the river Leven. Suddenly it had raged into a reckless sea and was seeking a new course by every street and roadway.

The river forced itself into and through the houses to the height of first-floor ceilings. In every one the heaviest pieces of furniture instantly broken to fragments.

Damage by fire is an unhappy s But damage by flood is pitiable hold.

What had been pleasant rooms peared as if they had been battered hacked with picks, and anything remained of their contents was bu in the mounds of mud which the had left in its wake.

But farther to the east in Yorksh our Free Insurance representat found worse and much more exten desolation and destruction requ their quick attention.

Over eighty square miles tracts of Eskdale were submerged.

Everywhere in the region homes been abandoned by the score, and end to end the countryside was tered with wreckage from communi which, until a few hours before believed themselves safe from the astrophe of storm and flood.

Forcing entirely new passages, Esk and its tributaries, swollen by rain and a series of cloudbursts, form dams for themselves behind rail and road bridges in their path.

One by one, the structures brought down these bridges and the fury of accumulated energy scended upon the villages of Whitby and the sea.

Houses all the way were denuded of all they contained.

MUD and silt, 7 ft. and 8 ft. now fill the rooms of many charming cottages and bungalows between Kildale, Castleton, Sleights and Ruswarp.

The damage done to fruit and other crops is immense. perished in large numbers and house lost the poultry from its

But the worst plight is that of homeless people whose homes been broken down and soaked of furniture and fittings by the

No matter how great the damage may be, JOHN BULL will continue to safeguard its readers against whatever loss may be inflicted upon them by storm or flood as well as by fire, sickness or accident.

If you are not already a registered reader of JOHN BULL, you should lose no time in availing yourself of the benefits and thus protect yourself and your home.

SQUARE-RIGGED *Scandal*

SAILING the seas to-day under foreign flags are a number of young British officers of the Merchant Service holding British Board of Trade certificates of competency.

Many of these young men actually pay premiums to serve as second mate without pay for twelve months.

The crews of these vessels are foreigners; the second mate is ostracised. He is the only British subject on board.

He dare not complain of his treatment, or the fact that he is crowded into a little cabin with an alien steward. The competition for the post is so keen that hundreds are waiting for him to step ashore.

Why should British officers endure such conditions?

The reason is that by the rules of Trinity House they must have at least a full year's sea-service as an officer on a square-rigged sailing-ship before they become eligible to be examined for pilotage certificates.

Ships which hitherto sailed the seas as schooners have placed a few yards on their foremasts and have automatically become "square-rigged" ships.

Foreigners are not alone in the adoption of these methods. At least three British vessels, formerly schooners, have become brigantines or barquentines.

Their second mates are employed at one shilling per month, that being the lowest wage permissible under the British regulations.

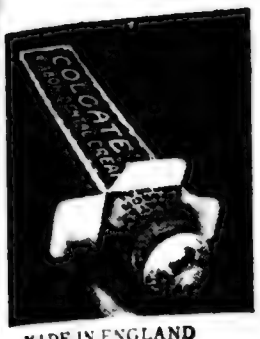
How can such conditions be altered?

A large fleet of British square-rigged sailing-vessels would be required to accommodate all the second mates required to train for the pilotage service.

Trinity House must alter its rules. It must provide its own school-ship for the instruction of pilots, and relax the regulation which is forcing British officers to serve on board foreign vessels.

This *Active* Foam

cleans where the toothbrush fails to reach



MADE IN ENGLAND
1/- LARGE SIZE

Scientific tests prove that Colgate's possesses a remarkable property (low "surface-tension") which enables it to get down into every minute fissure of teeth and gums. There it dislodges decaying impurities and sweeps them away in a detergent wave of cleanliness. If you have never used Colgate's, please send for a generous free tube.

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

FREE Colgate's, Dept 7.V. Ranelagh Road, Grosvenor Road, London S. W. 1. Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name .....

Address .....

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

STEEDMAN'S

A fretful, feverish baby is a constant worry to its mother. Constipation—that most frequent cause of baby's ailments—can be quickly and effectively overcome with Steedman's Powders. Made especially for tender little systems—they gently and safely regulate the bowels and cool the blood. Write for our 'Hints to Mothers' booklet, it gives invaluable information and advice on every childish ailment

JOHN STEEDMAN & CO., 270N, Walworth Road, London, S.E.17

FOR CONSTIPATION

'Betty!

Where are *those Reckitt's Bath Cubes!*
Is everyone *using them?*

Have to read the riot act to you girls! Goodness knows I don't expect much—but I do like a Reckitt's Bath Cube in my bath. The hardest thing in this house, next to getting a bath at all, is the water when you've got it—unless you've a Reckitt's Bath Cube.'

Yes he's quite right. He shall have a Reckitt's Bath Cube in his bath, he shall. A Reckitt's Bath Cube turns a bath into a real tonic. How fit you feel afterwards! How refreshed, how right!

Reckitt's Bath Cubes can be obtained in four perfumes—*Lily of the Valley, Lavender, Verbena* and *Essence of Flowers*—from all Grocers, Chemists, Stores, etc., at 2d. each or in cartons of 6 cubes for 1/-

RECKITT'S BATH CUBES
Healthful and Invigorating

RECKITT & SONS LTD., HULL AND LONDON

A DRINK FOR THIRSTY DAYS.

During the hot summer days it is not easy to find a drink that really quenches the thirst. Therefore many readers will welcome the suggestion of a correspondent who tells us how thousands of people make a refreshing and invigorating drink in their own homes. This drink is a wholesome tonic with great thirst-quenching and nerve-restoring qualities. It is absolutely non-intoxicating and is quite simple to prepare, all that is necessary being a bottle of Mason's Extract of Herbs, boiling water, a little yeast and sugar. The extract is obtainable from grocers, chemists, and stores at 9d. a bottle, or a trial bottle, with yeast, will be sent to all who enclose 4d. to cover cost of packing and postage to Messrs. Newball and Mason Ltd. (Dept. "John Bull"), Nottingham.

– and so nutritious!

"BIRD'S
is the only Custard that tastes as good as it looks"

"Something to sing about"

An Echo from the Eighteenth Century.

A LOVER of JOHN BULL has found a volume dated 1813. Of course, it is only a distant relative of the present JOHN BULL, but one very interesting fact emerged from his perusal. Even at that distant date, nearly 90 years ago, the famous firm of E. Lazenby and Sons were advertising, and the goods which they were then pushing can to-day be obtained in every good-class grocers. This proves that only meritorious articles can stand the rough and tumble of competition and only such are worth advertising. Here is the advertisement as it appeared in JOHN BULL on Saturday, August 5th, 1813:—

> "HARVEY'S FISH SAUCE. E. Lazenby & Son, having numerous complaints from families who are imposed upon by spurious imitations of their Harvey's Fish Sauce, request purchasers to observe that each bottle of the genuine article bears the name of Lazenby on the back in addition to the front label used so many years and signed "Elizabeth Lazenby."
>
> E. Lazenby & Son's ESSENCE OF ANCHOVIES continues to be prepared with that peculiar care which has rendered it so justly admired as sauce for Salmon, Turbot and Cod, Soles, Eels, etc., and is manufactured only at their old-established Fish Sauce Warehouse, 6, Edward Street, Portman Square, London."

In the eighteenth century at an inn at Bedfont, kept by one Peter Harvey, tired and hungry travellers were served with a sauce which was famous even then, when news travelled at a leisurely pace. In 1776, Peter's sister, Elizabeth, married Mr. Lazenby, a London grocer. She then received as a wedding present from her brother the recipe of his famous sauce. Harvey's Sauce, when sold by the enterprising Elizabeth to the nobility of the Capital, gained popularity rapidly. It was first advertised in 1790, and after 140 years' publicity, it is one of the leading lines in the modern grocer's establishment.

When our readers look through the advertisements of branded goods in this issue, let them remember that advertised products are pushed because their proprietors wish their qualities known, and that merit alone justifies their faith. Only that which is excellent is worth advertising.

Read the "J.B." Guarantee on page 12.

GIFTS FIRST
COUPONS AFTERWARDS

Amazing Offer!

A really new Free Gift excitement awaits you! Instead of having to smoke and smoke and smoke, and wait and wait and wait before getting something really worth having for your Cigarette Coupons, get a packet of "NAVY CLUB" Cigarettes to-day, and quickly for either a beautiful 23 Gns. "DENNIS" 5-Valve Super-Portable, in mahogany case, with single tuning dial, Mullard Valves, Stadion Batteries, etc., OR a "CHELLOPHONE" full size Portable Gramophone in strongly made case with best quality fittings and lid pack for eight records.

Nothing to approach this offer has ever been made before. You can get delivery of these gifts immediately, and simply send Coupons as you smoke. Full particulars of this revolutionary offer, together with 25 Free Coupons (value 3/4) to start your collection, will be sent to readers of JOHN BULL who enclose one "NAVY CLUB" empty Carton, together with this advertisement. Post in ½d. stamped unsealed envelope, and address **L. & J. FABIAN (Dept. S.S.10), 74, New Bond Street, London, W.1.**

Cut this out for reference.

Will THE FAMILY SKELETON Shock Her Lover?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

HERE you read some tough problems of real life, and the solutions that "HUMANIST" proposes for them. One day you, too, will be up against a difficulty which you cannot face alone. "HUMANIST" will deal with it through the post. Send a stamped, addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

MY parents did not marry until I had turned two years old, and my earliest recollections of home are that it was terribly unhappy. I am now a domestic servant, nearly eighteen.

Father and mother were not suited to each other, and there were quarrels from one week-end to the other.

Father drank heavily, and in his drunken rage would pick up a chair or stool and knock mother over the head with it.

Once when she lay half swooning on the floor I made her a cup of tea, and father snatched it away and poured it down the sink.

Another time he dragged her by her long hair to the mangle and passed it through the rollers until she was held there.

This ended their living together. Mother got a situation as a cook, and my two younger sisters were taken in by granny.

Father tried to get mother back, but she moved away. He then went to live with a widow, and is a disgrace to us all.

I have now become acquainted with a young man who shows great interest in me. We attend the same place of worship and have mutual interests.

My friend's love promises to bring the first gleam of sunshine into my life that I have ever enjoyed.

One night, walking home from chapel, he told me how much he cared for me, and my heart sang for joy, only to sink again when he asked me to take him home and introduce him to my people.

He said he wanted to ask my parents' consent to our engagement with a view to marriage.

I made an excuse, for how can I tell him the truth? From conversations we have had I gather that there is nothing on earth he hates more than family quarrels.

As for husbands and wives separating, it is simply unthinkable.

What must I do? I feel it will break my heart if I lose him, but dare I marry in the hope of keeping my horrible family secret?

"HUMANIST" says: Don't try. Your friend has probably never realised such a situation as your poor mother found herself in, so tell him the truth.

If it does not arouse his sympathy or changes his feeling towards you, let him go, for his love will not be of the enduring kind to trust for life-companionship.

HIS YEARNING
for the fleshpots

THOUGH I am a young man in the prime of life, I am suffering from what, up to now, I find to be an unconquerable weakness. This takes the form of a passionate craze for amusement and excitement at whatever cost.

My home is in a country village, where all the inhabitants are sober and God-fearing. They find the mild diversions of Bible-readings, discussion classes and an occasional chapel tea-fight quite enough to fill their leisure hours.

My father, who is a very pious deacon, little dreams that instead of "nature rambling" or taking "botanising excursions," as I give him to understand, I am off on my bike at every opportunity to the nearest town to have my fling in ways more congenial to my temperament.

Unfortunately, I have not stopped short at ordinary amusements, but have fallen in with boon companions who drink to excess.

Several times I have been compelled to delay my return until the effects of my own tippling have worn off.

Worse still, this has led to association with girls of loose morals.

The daily fear of exposure to my home folks worries me a good deal; but apart from that, I would like to make a change.

Surely my revolt against the deadly monotony of psalm-singing as a recreation is not unnatural.

I have the wish to break free, but lack the will-power.

"HUMANIST" says: You appear totally unaware of the existence of organisations such as the Y.M.C.A., which cater for healthy, sports-loving youths without either monotony or mawkishness.

Get into touch with headquarters and start a branch in your village. By doing this you will find your leisure happily filled.

AMAZON WIFE
with a coal-hammer

AFTER roaming the world—India, Ceylon, Burma and even the Straits Settlements—in search of a living, I returned to this country, at the age of thirty-three, to settle down.

To me all Englishwomen were angels, but the one I married turned out to be a veritable virago.

Housing difficulties, which we suffered in common with many others, were to her as a red rag to a bull. She frittered away the household money and never paid the bills.

All this time she kept in close touch with her mother, whom I blame for much of the trouble. When, by dint of continual pestering, I got a council house away from relatives, I hoped things would be better.

They were for a while, and then the trouble started all over again.

Though by now we had two children their presence, if anything, intensified the difficulties.

One night, after a row, when I was shaving and stood with my face smothered with lather, she came up behind and hit me three terrific blows on the head with a coal-hammer.

But for the fact of the hammer-head flying off, my number would have been up.

Covered with blood, I ran for help and met a policeman, who gave me first-aid.

He took my wife in charge. Next day she was remanded in custody. I, meanwhile, had been taken to hospital, where I lay for several weeks before I was sufficiently recovered to appear in court.

The case ended in my wife being sent to a mental home.

Now, I am told, she is gradually recovering from the "brain storm," so that I may at any time be required to fetch her home.

Frankly, I am terrified to live with the woman, and as our two children are being kindly and well looked after by relatives, I am minded to solve the problem by taking to my heels.

"HUMANIST" says: If you show fear she will beat you. Give her another chance, but shut out her relatives. Maybe her experience has improved her.

Remember you are by law responsible for her. Yours is a pathetic case.

Homely Wisd m— —*by* CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

Breakdown

IN these hard times it is no uncommon thing for a good business to go to pieces very suddenly and for its owner to lose the results of many years of toil.

A man told me not long ago that he had been made bankrupt and left without either means or employment through failures that were not his own.

The crisis came almost without warning. Several firms that owed him money went under together, and he had to put up the shutters. A forced sale, with all its attendant expenses, ruined him.

"More was owing to me than I owed," he said, "but I could not lay my hand on it; so one day I was moderately well off, and the next in the street."

The same is sometimes true of character. An experienced student of human nature wrote some time ago:

"One of the most terrible things in life is the sickening collapse of personality which can take place in men who persist in evil courses.

"The whole spirit seems to become corrupt, all the higher faculties dissolve away, and the possibility of reform grows more and more remote."

"A word of warning"

When I read these words I not only recognised how true they were, but my thoughts reverted to cases within my own knowledge wherein the downfall had come about with almost unbelievable swiftness.

One sees a man apparently all right, fairly decent in behaviour, his demeanour exhibiting strength of will and physical health. Next time you see him—a year, or perhaps only a few months later—what a change! Something has gone badly wrong in the interval. The man's every look and action betray it.

He is no longer sure of himself; he is shifty, furtive, uneasy; there seems to be less of him than there used to be, and what there is is unsound. Some vice has mastered him and is sapping him up rapidly.

SUCH demoralisation is never as sudden as appears. No character is undermined in a night; there must be a long course of vicious self-indulgence before the disintegration becomes apparent.

But by the time it does become apparent the race downhill is so fast that the end is soon in sight. It is like what happens in the case of a dam begins to give way.

At first a trickle, then [illegible] then with a rush and roar all barriers are swept aside and the [illegible] carry destruction to hamlet and field.

The well-known author [illegible] wrote not long before his [illegible] of warning on this subject. The [illegible] generate and the criminal [illegible] seldom predestined to evil from the birth. Most of them are just folk like you and me and as little inclined to break the law or take the life of a fellow-creature.

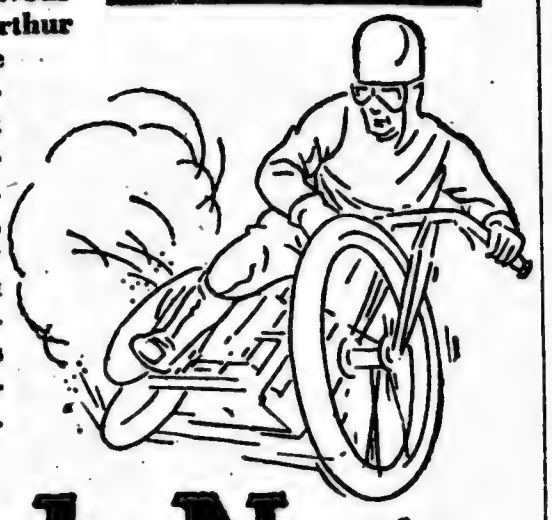
But temptation comes and they yield—as we might do. One thing leads to another, until the time comes when they find themselves in a tight corner with no way out except crime, and the deed is done that ranks them for ever with the forlorn legions of shame.

You trifle with destiny every time you yield a point to the devil.

BEECH-NUT'S too good to miss

says *ARTHUR ATKINSON*

Dirt-track racing, with its roar, thrills and dust, dries the mouth, strains the nerves. No wonder riders and spectators alike, favour BEECH-NUT. Here's what Arthur Atkinson thinks of this fine Chewing Sweet. "BEECH-NUT . . . is of the greatest service to me . . . it is certainly the best of its kind . . . (and) I find that sportsmen, in general, share my opinion." If you try a packet you'll agree that BEECH-NUTS cool mint flavour is wonderfully lasting and refreshing. At all sweetshops.



Beech-Nut Chewing Sweets

1D

BN.53

What couldn't I do to a lager!

Do the right thing by your thirst! Give it good lager. Barclay's Lager! Excellently crisp! Topped with creaming foam! Jewelled with lively bubbles! And as cool a brew as ever put paid to the heat of a summer's day. When next you have a thirst, save it for a Barclay's!

BARCLAY'S LAGER

Light or Dark—the drink for a lordly thirst

PLAYER'S "DIGGER" SHAG

also

DIGGER HONEY DEW
DIGGER CUT PLUG
DIGGER FLAKE
DIGGER MIXTURE
DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

7½d. PER OUNCE

3¾d. PER HALF OUNCE

The Largest Sale of any Empire Grown Tobacco

TAKE OUR ADVICE
Bet with
"THE BIG TWO"
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.
and be sure of your Winnings!

LETTERS!
If your letter is forwarded in accordance with their rules and bears a time-stamp not later than
SET TIME OF RACE
—YOU ARE ON—
— NO LIMIT —
WIN OR PLACE.

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Write at once for lists.
DAVID COPE
& ALFRED H. MAURICE, Ltd.
(Dept. J.B.)
227, BATH ST., GLASGOW, C.2

NEW HAIR
Grown on
BALD HEADS
By Using KOTALKO.

A typical example of the enthusiastic praise accorded to Kotalko is the report of Mr. W. Jones, of Manningtree.

"I was practically bald," he states, "and **now I have an abundance of hair** which my photo shows.

"Like many others, I was disheartened because I had tried certain hair remedies, but all to no avail. At last I decided to use Kotalko, and I have **marvelled at the results.** Friends who saw my head before I used Kotalko —and who see it now—are simply amazed. I want it to be remembered that **I was nearly bald before I commenced using Kotalko.**"

TEST-BOX COUPON.

If you have dandruff or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or actually bald, use or copy the Coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
2, Percy Street (33 R.C.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

PSORIASIS
Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment. GUARANTEED RESULTS OR MONEY RETURNED. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.
J. ROBINSON & SONS,
11, KUREM HOUSE, BRADFORD.

Our Letter Parliament

DOES INTERNATIONAL SPORT Foster Friendship?

A win for Frau Braumüller when English and German woman athletes met at Birmingham

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, August 12.

The Books I Read—and Why

GOOD, clean, international sport forges the chains of friendship and good will between the peoples of the world quicker and better than any league or pact.

It is the duty of Great Britain, as the mother of all the great sports, to coach the less experienced nations in the art of being true sportsmen—to be able to give and take defeat in a true sporting manner.

In setting this example to other nations, our country will be fostering not only sport, but that which is so essential to mankind—world peace.—*J. F. Conway, Bolton.*

"Touchy"

No country really likes to be beaten, even on the playing-fields, and the triumph of one nation over another invariably leaves an undercurrent of jealous hostility.

Further, there is always the risk of "incidents" and debatable decisions which will arouse open ill-feeling and bitterness.

The world to-day is very "touchy." No nation should risk incurring the enmity of another, even in sport.—*Anglo-American, Fulham.*

A Different Shoot

While on the Rhine, our regimental team played several football-matches with a student team from Bonn. As a result, I became very friendly indeed with a young German.

We agreed that if our fathers had played together they could not have gone to war.

Our sport fostered mutual respect. If we have more of it, properly organised, international friendship will grow.—*W. S. Sim, London, S.W.*

My Country—

A strong feeling of nationalism is often aroused when two or more nations are competing in a sporting contest. This is apt to lead to a fierce antagonism on the part of the supporters and onlookers of the various nationalities.

For this reason, international sport should not be indulged in if international friendship is to be maintained—at least, not in the presence of a crowd of mixed nationality where racial temperament may lead to strife.—*John M. Fergusson, Essex.*

Friendly Foes

Britons have a world-wide reputation for "playing the game" and for sportsmanship in general.

This spirit, carried abroad, cannot fail to lead to friendships being struck up between the "rival" factions.

Men who fought in frenzied hate a few years ago can now meet on playing-fields, and, forgetting old scores, settle down to a friendly "battle," with an exchange of viewpoints and friendly chat.—*J. Rutherford, Liverpool.*

Tongue Players

Sport to-day is indulged in by the few and watched by the many.

The few play to excel, not for the love of the game, but for hero-worship and easy money.

The many watch because their vocal organs are the best part of them, the only use for which they know is to intimidate umpires, referees and players alike.—*Veteran, Bocking.*

Bumptiousness Bumped

The healthy rivalry created by international games is of great value.

Concerning ourselves, its greatest effect is its tendency to rectify that swelled-headedness which gives us an exaggerated idea of our own superiority.

We have had to learn that other countries can produce men who are our match.

So our sense of sportsmanship is developed, and we more readily give the foreigner the credit that is his due.—*Arthur Hughes, Sparkbrook.*

Win—Somehow

International sport does not foster friendship, but rather tends to introduce a spirit of professional jealousy between the partisans engaged.

The ties of friendship are not strengthened by the Americans winning a Grand National, nor do we love the Australians one bit more by regaining the "Ashes."

As sport is a professional business, the best men are recruited with the set purpose to win, and all other considerations go by the board.—*Thomas R. Jowett, Prescot.*

Money Tempts

International sport can do more to promote better understanding between countries than all the peace pacts ever made, providing it is not allowed to degenerate into "big business" deals, as in some cases at present.

With big money tempting [illegible] managers and contestants leave [illegible] scruples and sportsmanship behind. Severe criticism, distrust and general ill-feeling are the result.

Cut out the "big business" bogey and allow these events of world-wide interest to be run by sportsmen for sportsmen, and thus not only foster international friendship, but prevent [illegible]—*D. Metcalfe, Enfield*

Press Power

Only a small fraction of the public takes part in or witnesses international games. The great majority gain their impressions from Press reports.

When any country's newspapers comment favourably on the sportsmanship displayed by another country's competitors, a warmer feeling is created towards that country.

If it cannot be claimed that international sport permanently increases international friendship, it certainly has one salutary effect.

It proves that no country holds a monopoly of prowess in any particular sport, and thus breeds respect.—*M. E. H., N. Wales.*

Snobs and Kilts

Who can feel friendship for a nation that wants everything in its favour before a fight or a yachting race, and which, when discredited in the eyes of the world by its foul fighting, makes the rules permitting it?

Again, what foreign country can be friendly to our own different institutions, with their disgustingly snobbish ideas and also their absolute childishness in some matters?—*F. H. P., London, E.*

Just Luck

Mutual understanding and respect engendered between the rivals, and their feelings are bound to spread among the peoples represented by the competitors.

The sporting spirit harbours no grudge against the successful opponent, and the winner knows his victory was just luck of the game and how easily he might have lost.

Sport is the great leveller. It broadens narrow minds and reduces "swelled heads" to reasonable dimensions.—*J. H. D., Hants.*

* * *

Not even a Mussolini would think of war with England and Italy struggling for victory on the stately green of Lord's.—*H. L., York.*

A Minister of Sport should have a place in every Cabinet. Ministers of War have had their chance.—*D. Lloyd, Merthyr Tydfil.*

International sport enables us to see the "foreigner" as he really is, not as he is usually depicted to us.—*D. Bo[illegible], Newport.*

Race with "Silver Ring"

ONE for the LAST CLASSIC

THERE is a lull in the big-race campaign. We have to wait until the end of the month for the "Ebor," but then, in the space of a fortnight, a number of events worth winning, including the St. Leger, come to hand.

I am a bit chary about putting up a selection so far in advance for the last of the "Classics," particularly after the fate of my last ante-post tip, Fleeting Memory, who I think was a shade unlucky to be "pipped" by a short head.

But I aim to please, and several readers want the best for Doncaster.

The Aga Khan has had such a wonderful year that many backers will support one of his candidates.

As Blenheim is on the easy list, and there is a doubt about Rustom Pasha's stamina, the best from Whatcombe is likely to be Ut Majeur.

Ut Majeur ran well in the Grand Prix, and the French correspondent of the *Sporting Life* tells me that Beary's mount was knocked all over the place. His race with Press Gang at Goodwood speaks for itself.

Diolite is unlikely to last out the tiring course, and the Manton three-year-olds are proving disappointing.

On some betting lists I have seen 33 to 1 offered against Singapore, and this reads about the best each-way bet in the race.

Lord Glanely gave 12,500 guineas for Singapore as a yearling. By Gainsborough—Tetrabazzia, stamina should be his strong suit, and he showed at Goodwood last week that he is game.

Rameses the Second just beat him, but the winner was receiving 10 lb. Anyway, Singapore will do for me.

Chepstow's Summer Cup this week-end appears at the mercy of Barrack Law. I also suggest Land o' Burns and Sonnenschein.

At Nottingham on Monday Peace Pact should win the Nottinghamshire Handicap.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, August 7, to Wednesday, August 13.

B A Q X T L 3 R D 5 C F M E O

N W K 2 S 9 H I G U Y P V J Z

In place of the Code letters printed in the *Sporting Life* and the *Daily Herald*, read the one above or below, as the case may be, VJGWI9RB would read MEDARLIN.

"SILVER RING."

Cuticura Soap

WORLD-FAMOUS FOR DAILY TOILET USE

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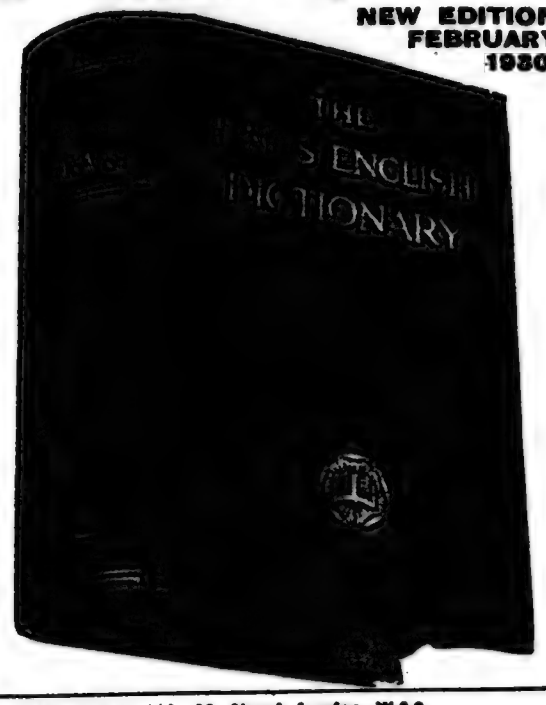

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CORRECT SPEECH AND HOW TO WRITE ENGLISH
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DEFINITIONS OF OVER 150,000 WORDS.

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Please send to me THE "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY (New Edition) on approval for 5 days' FREE examination. I will return it on the sixth day; or if I decide to purchase, I will remit a First Payment of 2/6, and ten further monthly payments of 3/-, to complete the price of 32/6.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
DATE..... J.B., 154

Beautiful Legs

Simply wash away the Ugly Hairs

The bathing season this year is revealing more beautiful arms and legs than ever before. For women have now discovered it as easy to banish superfluous hair as it is to wash your hands.

1. Simply apply Veet, a dainty beauty cream.
2. Then rinse away the ugly hairs.

That's all there is to do. No fuss, nothing complicated. Not a trace of hair remains, and the skin is left as soft and white as a child's. Perfect results *every time* with Veet or money refunded.

Free Trial. Trial size by post, in plain wrapper 6d. in stamps. Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 502N), 68, Bolsover Street, London, W.1

Don't let INDIGESTION spoil your Holidays

Take CICFA and Enjoy Every Minute of the Day

How often have your annual holidays been spoilt by Indigestion and Constipation? Change of diet was probably the direct cause. The digestive system is easily upset by altered diet, varied meal times and the **"different"** routine of the holidays.

In your excitement and eagerness to be up and doing, you have probably overlooked the real cause of that listless, out-of-sorts feeling, putting it down to **"too much sun"** or **"too much exercise,"** when all the time it was just Indigestion.

DIGESTION EXPLAINED.

Digestion **begins** in the mouth by the action of the saliva upon the food. It is **continued** in the Stomach on the Albuminous foods by the digestive ferments there, and is **completed** in the Bowel by the action of further digestive ferments on the Starchy foods. *Without these ferments digestion could not occur.*

HOW CICFA HELPS NATURE.

Cicfa both adds to and stimulates the supply of natural digestive ferments, and so restores digestion. Thus the nourishment is absorbed from the food as it moves slowly downwards, Acidity with Fermentation is checked, Flatulence disappears and the blood grows richer and purer, nourishing all the tissues and producing a feeling of perfect fitness throughout the body.

If the PAIN IS HERE — **If the PAIN IS HERE**

your trouble is Stomach Indigestion, and the symptoms are:—

- **GASES in STOMACH with eructations.**
- **Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.**
- **ACID in STOMACH with HEARTBURN.**
- **TONGUE coated white all over.**
- **COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of nose.**
- **EATING disliked. Some Nausea.**
- **PAINS darting through Chest. Burning Spot behind left Shoulder blade.**

Cloonrane, Ballindine, Co. Mayo,

Dear Sirs,—I have received the tube of Cicfa Tablets and am more than pleased with them. I think they are just excellent, and I feel much improved. I shall be glad to recommend them to all my friends. You have permission to publish this testimonial with my name and address.

(Signed)
ELLIE WALSHE.

it is Bowel Indigestion, and the symptoms are:—

- **CONSTIPATION, with griping pains in BOWEL.**
- **GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.**
- **Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.**
- **ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.**
- **TONGUE coated yellow at back.**
- **COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.**
- **EATING disliked or loathed. Biliousness, and bad taste in mouth.**

OF ALL CHEMISTS, PRICE 1/3 AND 3/-.
(The 3/- size contains treble the quantity of the 1/3 size.)

TEST CICFA FREE

Send your name and address with this coupon, and a 1½d. stamp for postage, and receive a liberal sample of this wonderful

CICFA

Only one sample given to each family.

THE CICFA COMPANY, 8, DUKE ST., MANCHESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

JOHN BULL, August 9, 30

WHY PEOPLE TRUST YOU

Folks only have confidence after they have proved you are reliable. This applies to firms as well as to individuals, and to none more than to those who advertise. As a case in point, thousands of the readers of "John Bull" buy their clothes made to their special measures from S. A. Barry & Co., and many of these will simply put postal orders or cheques (for 59/-) in an envelope with an order for the remarkably good Blue Serge Suit advertised on page 12, knowing that their measurements are already recorded and that the fit will be perfect and delivery made in four or five days. Only by fair dealing, selling at the lowest prices and eliminating the middleman can such confidence be gained. A study of the advertisement on page 12 will prove interesting.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM CONSTIPATION?

Countless remedies are advertised for constipation. Many relieve for the moment, but they are habit forming and must be continued. Others contain calomel and dangerous mineral drugs, which remain in the system, settle in the joints and cause aches and pains. Some are harsh purgatives which cramp and gripe and leave a depressed after effect.

Avoid lubricating oils which only grease the intestines and encourage nature's machinery to become lazy.

A purely vegetable laxative such as Carter's Little Liver Pills, gently touches the liver, bile starts to flow, the bowels move easily, the intestines are thoroughly cleansed and constipation poisons pass away. The stomach, liver and bowels are now active and the system enjoys the effect of a real tonic. All Chemists, 1/3 and 3/- pkgs.

SELFRIDGE'S
CHROMIUM PLATED CYCLE

Every component part of this 1930 Model is British made and is therefore of thoroughly reliable quality. It is excellently finished in Black Enamel and all bright parts are finished in THE NEW CHROMIUM PLATING.

COMPARE THIS SPECIFICATION

DUNLOP	RENOLD
ROADSTER TYRES	CHAIN, HALF INCH
LYCETT'S	2 ROLLER
3 Coiled Spring Saddle	LEVER BRAKES

Pump, Tool-bag, Tools, Oiler and Reflector included free.

6/- NOW

And 14 Monthly payments of 6/- completes purchase.

CASH PRICE £3.19.6

Women's Model 8/ extra

£4.7.6

or 6/9 now and 14 payments 6/9.

Carr. Paid.

Send for Illustrated List to Department J.B.

SELFRIDGE & CO. Ltd. OXFORD ST., LONDON.

THE ATLANTIC FLIGHT.

A Triumph of Battery Service.

In their successful flight from Portmarnock, Ireland, to Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, Captain Kingsford Smith and his companions kept their course throughout by means of directional wireless messages which played a vital part in the safe arrival of the "Southern Cross" and its crew at Harbour Grace. Having safely traversed the great expanse of ocean, the airmen ran into a blinding fog off the coast of Newfoundland, and it would have been practically impossible to land safely without wireless direction from the shore. The world already knows the epic messages that were transmitted and received on the "Southern Cross." All of these depended upon the Exide wireless batteries with which the aeroplane was equipped. Solely by means of the unfailing efficiency of the Exide Equipment were the airmen thus able to find a safe landing place, precious lives preserved, and a very gallant enterprise brought to a successful issue.

Swim off with "JOHN BULL'S"

Prize now greatly increased!

"JOHN BULL" will pay £600 for a correct solution on one form of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 76 appearing below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double entry—entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts. No claims required. No entries accepted after Thursday (noon), August 14th.

GIVE wings to your imagination and strike out for this grand prize. A dive into the dictionary if the clues are elusive — then up to the surface and on to the goal! Come in — the water's fine!

SOLUTION of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 21st. Winner will be given in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, August 28th. Result of Crossword No. 73 appears on page 14.

Read these Rules and Conditions Carefully

1. Fill in puzzle opposite **IN ORDINARY INK**, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, sign your name and write your address in BLOCK CAPITALS. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order value sixpence in an envelope bearing **three-halfpenny** stamp and post to **"John Bull," Crosswords (No. 76), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)**, so as to reach us not later than noon on Thursday, August 14th.
Entry MUST be sent by post.

2. Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed —/& Co./— and the date of sending the order complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

3. No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery and no correspondence will be entered into.

4. In the event of a tie the £600 prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which incorrectly answer the clues given.

5. Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

6. No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

7. The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

8. The result of this competition will be published in the issue of JOHN BULL on sale **Thursday, August 28th.** Any competitor who claims to have sent in a solution which is identical with the published solution or contains as few errors as the competitor announced as the £600 prize-winner may have a scrutiny by demanding the same by or before first post **Tuesday, September 2nd,** after which date the prize-money will be despatched and no claim will be considered.

9. If such demand is found to be correct the result will be amended accordingly, and any competitor demanding a scrutiny must accept as final the result of such scrutiny as certified by the Editor.

10. Every request for a scrutiny must be made by Registered Letter only and must be accompanied by a remittance of £5, which will be returned to the competitor if his claim prove valid.

Request for scrutiny must be addressed to: **The Competition Editor, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** Envelopes should be marked "Scrutiny" in top left-hand corner. All applications must be accompanied by a copy of Entry Forms and number of Postal Order. No claims for scrutiny can be entertained in connection with the additional award of £50 cash, the winners of which will be finally decided according to the result of our careful searches of all entries.

11. Entries for this competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to JOHN BULL.

12. The Editor's decision is final and legally binding in all matters relating to this competition, and acceptance of this condition is an express condition of entry.

13. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

14. Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

Closing Date, Thursday (Noon), August 14th.

CUT HERE

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 76

Entry Form "A."

JB 76

Do not separate these forms.

Entry Form "B."

JB 76

In entering this Competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....

These Entry Forms must not be separated, and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either ONE OR BOTH entries.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Closing Date Thursday (noon), August 14th.

CUT HERE

N.B.—Cut the above Form out complete

CUT HERE

CUT HERE

Don't run the risk of being late—fill in and post your coupons early.

Clues Across.

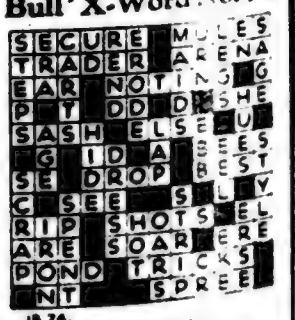
1. Cooked in frying-pan.
4. Put through a sieve.
7. One who possesses.
8. Usually associated with trip.
10. Not old.
12. Den.
16. Place.
17. May help you through difficulties.
18. Lower limbs.
20. Paradise.
23. Of large dimensions.
25. Bad weather is.
26. Low of a cow.
31. Made with paper.
32. Fixed.
34. Sorrowful.
37. Inns.
38. Hall does this.
39. Lizard-like animals.

Clues Down.

1. Farmers breed them.
2. Encourage.
3. Arid.
4. French "halfpenny."
5. Taverns.
6. A fruit.
9. Shopkeeper needs a good one.
11. Age makes us.
13. Be ill.
14. Royal.
15. Brings pairs together.
17. Part of a boot.
19. Observe.
21. Brownish colour.
22. Makes things look white.
24. Desires earnestly.
28. Looped rope.
27. Often made into necklace.
28. Flesh.
29. Years.
32. We do to hides.
34. Buy before.
35. Moisture.

Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary and Nuttall's Dictionary (date) were used in compiling this puzzle.

Solution of 'John Bull' X-Word No. 74.



JB 74.

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 74 is given with as a matter of interest our X-word competitors wish to emphasise that claims are required for the X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

Write to "John Bull" About It!

G. M. (Brighton).—"The tales of boatmen at the seaside are generally exaggerated." Well, there's plenty of salt about.

The Editor REPLIES

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

C (Ilford).—"Do you care much spiritualism? Not a rap.

(Swindon).—"Tell me what the matter with my article." The editor.

R S. (Queenstown).—"It has just occurred to me to write." We wish it hadn't occurred to us.

B (Wisbech).—"When my uncle died he left over a hundred watches." His estate took some time to wind up.

M (Chelsea).—"When I can't sleep at night I get up and write poetry." Insomnia is a terrible thing.

(Shoreditch).—"I guarantee to fit my customers a perfect fit." When do you get your account?

(Stirling).—"I can read a story in every girl's face." And it is probably one she has made up herself.

(Chicago).—"People other than Chicagoans live here." Obviously, there must be gunsmiths.

(Orpington).—"Our parson was ordained recently in his own church." Met with his own petard.

M (Prestwich).—"When his wife speaks a man usually gives in." Or walks out.

E (Halifax).—"What would you call a man who has been lucky in his affairs?" A bachelor.

N (Aberdeen).—"Several Scots are going to attempt the Channel swim this year." Hoteliers fear that this indicates an increase in steamer fares.

CIRCUS LAD (Shrewsbury).—"Contortionists earn very little money nowadays." And yet they can make ends meet.

JOURNALIST (Birmingham).—"On visiting New York I was asked to write for the *Atlantic Weekly*." And had you been contributing to the Atlantic daily?

S M (Streatham).—"In certain political circles a November election is expected." The 5th would seem an appropriate date.

B. C (Leicester).—"In New York recently a man was revoked at bridge and murdered." And, no doubt, buried with honours.

ARTHUR (Cricklewood).—"I have a process whereby gloves can be made from banana skins." They should be easy to slip on.

A. E. (Watford).—"What is typical American music?" That made by the saxophone, motor horn and the cash-register.

W. P. (Devonport).—"On the stage, coloured water is used for whisky." That's not a bad relationship. We don't suppose the actors can detect the difference, anyway.

P. N. (Liverpool).—"A statue was recently blown up in Ireland." This ought be tried in London, although there always the risk of the thing coming down again in one piece.

D. K. (Hove).—"Some people are very touchy about something." The limit is reached when another insists on sprinkling a handful of lavender bath-salts in the water before diving in.

P. N. (Worthing).—"Many young men at the seaside are terribly conceited about their looks." Some think they are personal answers to the Maiden's prayer.

Y. N. (London, E.).—"Loud-speakers are installed on the beach of a south coast resort." This should incite Channel swimmers to forge ahead quickly and get out of earshot.

J. McC. (Glasgow).—"What are Scotsmen coming to?" England.

T. A. (Wigan).—"I came by the Nelson Column yesterday morning." We hope you came by it honestly.

C. Y. (Swindon).—"306,154 people are working in Government offices." What are the others doing?

MRS. D. (Frome).—"My baby swallowed some of my films." We trust that nothing will develop.

M. H. (Ipswich).—"Who will deny that tailors charge too much for a good blue serge suit?" Tailors.

E. C. (Matlock).—"A man in financial difficulties often has a drawn look about the eyes." Or is it an overdrawn look?

J. W. (Margate).—"Nine people out of every ten complain about the wireless programmes." And probably the tenth hasn't a wireless set.

SMITH (Bromley).—"It makes me sick when my letters go to the Smith across the way." They don't find you very well.

R. V. (Hull).—"I want a civil, honest and quiet maid." Nowadays, very few people can afford to keep three at the same time.

N. R. (Tenby).—"Some people are only prevented from eating too much by the fear of getting stout." Obesity is the mother of abstention.

P. S. (Clapham).—"It is said that in less than a hundred years there will be very little oil left in the world." Soho chefs are already beginning to wear a worried look.

MISS D. ... (Bath).—"My favourite woman flyer who competed in the big air race, isn't beautiful, but she has an engaging personality." Just a plane girl with a winning way.

P. T. (Baldock).—"Don't just smile when you read this first attempt at poetry." We did at first but it turned to hysterics.

D. S. (Colchester).—"Where do you go for your summer holidays?" Away.

A. B. (Chatham).—"The Navy's all right." What's left!

K. P. (Bodmin).—"Some say I have a voice in a thousand." You indulge in community singing, do you?

T. W. (Chelmsford).—"I always manage to keep my head above water." It's lucky for you that wood floats.

B. P. (Hitchin).—"My wife cannot say that I have ever told her an untruth." How long has she been dumb?

V. C. (Truro).—"The throat of a mouse is only a sixteenth of an inch in diameter." A narrow squeak.

H. P. (Grendon).—"How much British corn is grown in this country?" All of it.

G. M. (Clacton).—"I have a thick head of hair." And have you much hair?

T. M. (Devon).—"I bet you will think this letter is all rot." Do you always gamble on certainties?

J. D. (York).—"What causes rain?" Well, owner-drivers will persist in cleaning their cars.

B. Y. (Dorchester).—"Do you know anyone who keeps to the straight and narrow path nowadays?" Tightrope performers.

M. L. (Oxford).—"My daughter is very anxious to appear in print." Well, there is always an opening for a good domestic servant.

G. T. M. (Doncaster).—"I dream that my ship will one day come home." Wake up and catch the *Bullets* boat this week. Somebody must sail in and win that 1,000 Guineas!

J. H. (Ilford).—"Nowadays one can hardly tell a mother and her daughter apart." But there is very little that one cannot tell them together.

MRS. D. S. (Newcastle).—"A very wealthy man recently told a dinner-party that he had never in any way contemplated matrimony." That explains why he is a very wealthy man.

SILAS K. (New York).—"The cost of living is high in Chicago." But it's worth a lot to be still alive there.

DOCTOR (Leigh).—"Measles is not as dangerous as diphtheria." So diphtheria can knock the spots off measles?

JANE (York).—"Where to-day can I find the splendid heroes to be seen in any film?" In any film.

E. Y. (Harrogate).—"This makes two poems I've sent you. How much do you owe me now?" Two grudges.

N. C. (Wigan).—"What Wigan thinks to-day . . ." Wigan will think to-morrow.

S. W. (Exeter).—"Those who imagine they can write should first learn to think." We wish you success.

T. P. (Bognor).—"This climate does not agree with me." Nor with those who prepare our weather forecasts.

PUBLISHER (London).—"I've just put a 'Complete Pocket Guide' on the market." What a boon to pickpockets in their off season!

(Many replies unavoidably held over).

SIDE-*Slips*

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes, "Slips."

DUNDEE EVENING TELEGRAPH:—"Councillor —— had received a communication from Messrs. ——, who supplied the TOWN CLERK thirty years ago, stating that it was in a bad state of repair, owing to dampness and other causes."

NORTHERN DAILY MAIL:—"Mr. —— and relatives tender heartfelt thanks to friends and neighbours for kind sympathy shown them in their great ACHIEVEMENT."

"THE SPEEDMAN CROOK" (Novel):—"The invalid ate the FOOL slowly and drank the milk."

DERBYSHIRE ADVERTISER:—"He left Scotland when he was twenty-one years of age, but FORTY-FIVE years previous to that time he had served as an apprentice."

NEW MARKET JOURNAL:—"Have you seen the latest black SWEDES with lizard trimmings and French heels?"

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS:—"I pray fervently that the MURDERED will be brought to justice."

WESTERN MAGAZINE:—"'You must be starved to death. I'll put FIRE on the WATER and the POT in the COFFEE.'"

WIGAN OBSERVER AND DISTRICT ADVERTISER:—"They saw defendant receive a SHIP from a man."

HEREFORD TIMES:—"Ellen —— was summoned for SENDING her two children to school."

WONDERFUL OFFER

BETTER VALUE IN BLUE SERGE SUITS

FOR 4/- WITH ORDER

A special purchase of blue Serge enables us to give our customers better value than ever. We have created a reputation with these fine suits. We have already sold many thousands, and our customers are highly delighted.

They are perfectly tailored, well-cut, Ready-to-Wear Bespoke suits, trimmed and made in our own workrooms. Suits that are built with character and Guaranteed to Give Every Satisfaction.

In Blue Indigo Serge, guaranteed fast dye.

PRICE 55/-

Send us your Breast measure and height. Also send 4/- (no further payment required until you have had the suit one month), and agree to pay 7/6 per month and we will send you a suit that will fit you perfectly. If you are not satisfied we will refund your deposit. Goods carriage paid.

We can supply you with anything you want. Send for Illustrated Free Catalogues or call at our Showrooms.

PRICE 55/-

Our noted Blue Serge Youths' Suits are great value. Long Trouser Suits, ages 14-19, 45/11. Knicker Suits, ages 8-14, 32/11.

John Blanford

(DEPT. J.B. W.2), 1, 3 & 5, BATH ST., CITY RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

Showrooms open 8.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. Thursday 8.30 a.m. to 1 p.m. Saturday 8.30 a.m. to 7 p.m.

BULLETS £3,000 WON IN 5 MINUTES BY READER OF EVERYBODY'S

Mr. Leonard Levens says: "I always read 'Everybody's' and use it as my guide."

Mr Leonard Levens, of 228, Barking Road, London, who won the first prize of £3,000 and a motor-car in Bullets No. 765 is a regular reader of "Everybody's." He says: "I always take 'Everybody's' as my guide." He made and entered his line in five minutes and won a colossal prize that will make him and his mother comfortable for life.

EVERYBODY'S is the complete competition paper. No one who hopes to win prizes in the big contests can afford to be without it. Solutions, complete with alternatives, are given for "John Bull's" Crossword Puzzle as well as for all other Crosswords and for all Picture Puzzle contests. Every week **EVERYBODY'S** readers are winning prizes of thousands of pounds. So what about you? **EVERYBODY'S** is a fully illustrated, well printed and well-bound magazine, packed with Short Stories, Articles, Jokes, and a mass of

BRIGHT AND AMUSING

pages all for only twopence. But if you would like to see a copy **FREE**, write to "Everybody's" (Dept. J.B.), 114, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4, and a copy will be sent you free and post paid. Remember **EVERYBODY'S** will give you everything you need to win, and, in addition to that, it gives you a complete magazine for holiday reading. The service which is at the disposal of readers is amazing. You can get treated **FREE** by **EVERYBODY'S** Doctor, advised **FREE** by **EVERYBODY'S** Lawyer. There are pages for Women with a special paper pattern service, and a feature for Children with special competitions for the little ones. The Sporting side of **EVERYBODY'S** is contributed by the best sporting writers in the country, including Thomas Moult, Percy Swaffer, etc.

MAKE MONEY AT RACING

If you want a few inspired Racing Selections each week, you can't find better ones anywhere than in **EVERYBODY'S.** The news is supplied by **DOWNSMAN** only, and you are not confused with the conflicting ideas of several Turf correspondents. Gems like **FIROUZE RANEE** at 100/8, and **IRISH PEACH** won 10/1, are some of **DOWNSMAN'S** recent suggestions. Last week at Hurst Park **EVERYBODY'S** only selection was Pictoralas, which won in a canter at 9—2. In to-day's **EVERYBODY'S** you will find the winner of the St. Leger. **DOWNSMAN** is already dealing with the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, giving backers advice about the big autumn double. And don't forget that he gave the great 2,500/1 double, **MYRA GRAY** and **INSIGHT II.** Only inspired racing information appears in **EVERYBODY'S,** which is the paper for the occasional backer.

Make sure of your **EVERYBODY'S** by asking your newsagent to deliver it regularly to you, or send for a **FREE** specimen copy.

Everybody's

the popular weekly

EVERYWHERE. 32 PAGES. 2d.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

The CHILDREN WITHOUT A Home

"IT is the children's holidays," explained the mother, by way of apology, as she and her five children crowded into the fund's office, "and I couldn't leave them by themselves."

The mother's trials are very real. Her husband, an ex-Naval man, who was wounded three times in the war, suffers from neurasthenia, but receives no pension.

"Dora has suffered since birth . . ."

In the twelve years since the war he has done three years' work, and has just secured a job at a low wage after ten months' total unemployment.

Their rent, which was excessive, naturally fell heavily into arrears. In consequence, they have been threatened for the last time with eviction.

The mother has tried and tried to find rooms at a moderate rental. But when a proprietor looks at the three little girls, aged nine years, four years, and two months, and the two boys, aged six and five years, the door is very decidedly closed against them?

"Dora has suffered with tuberculosis since birth; one boy has nerve trouble, and the other little chap has a weak heart.

"I don't want my children to go into the union," she pleaded. "I have no relations who can take them. My mother committed suicide two years ago.

"I can get my neighbours to take two of the children," she added hopefully, "whilst I look out for a home for us, if I can pay a little towards their keep."

She was a V.A.D. in the war; is a good wife and mother, and would not waste one penny of any help our readers may enable us to give her, and other cases, if they will send donations to the Hon. Secretary, "The Greatest of These—" Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

T. Law (Basingstoke), 10s.; A. Talbot (Hastings), £1; Pimple (Norwich), 2s.; M. W. B. (Middleton), 1s.; T. W. (Bolton), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Mrs. E. Langdon (Walthamstow), 5s.; "Jumping Joshua" (Enfield), 2s.; Leonard Barker (Hereford), 2s. 6d.; A Labourer, 2s. 6d.; "Unlucky Mollie" (Penge), 1s. 1d.; "Freely Blessed," 1s.; "Unlucky," 7s.; H. Percival (Oxenden), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Watford), 2s.; Ackroyd (Calverley), 2s. 6d.; A Soldier's Widow, 1s.; Anon. (Bulwell), 1s. 5d.; Anon., 4d.; A Poor Woman, 9d.; A Regular Reader (Wickham), 1s.; M. S., 1s.; Anon. (Radcliffe), 2s. 6d.; "Indus Roc" (Balham), 10s.; Three Pals, 3s.; R. A. 3 4 5, 1s.; M. Bell (Leeds), 2s.; Bulletin (Leigh), 2s.; Painted Norfolk, 5s.; E. Lodge (Mill Hill), 7s. 6d.; Anon. (Bristol), 14s.; Young Smiler (Glenorchy), 1s.; R. E. (Cwmbrau), 2s. 6d.; P. D. (Poole), 7s. 6d.; Elsie Betts (Clapham Junction), 6d.; A. N. Other (Chester), 5s.; Anon. (Northwich), 1s.; J. C. Chambers (Birley Carr), 5s.; Old Navy, 2s.; Grateful Heart (Dundee), 2s.; B. C. E. H., 1s.; Anon. (Catterick Camp), 2s. 6d.; W. H. Halliwell (Hulme), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J. Warren (Devonport), 5s.; Mrs. H. Dunham (Colne), 1s. 3d.; Mary (Southport), 5s.; L. S. (Bulwell), 5s.; Garden Lover (Locks Heath), 1s.; "Sylvia" (Retford), 1s.; Anon. (Larkhill Camp), 10s.; "?" (Acton), 6d.; Hopeful (Blackburn), 2s. 6d.; L. B., 2s. 6d.; John Purser (Highbury), 1s.; H. J. Garner (Leicester), 5s.; A Grateful Widow, 2s. 6d.; B. H. F. (Sheringham), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Hull), 1s. 6d.; S. E. O. (Richmond), 4s.; God's Share, 2s. 6d., Never-Mind (Highbridge), 2s. 6d.; Thankful (Stepney), 1s.; Old Reader, 2s. 6d.; K. O. T., 2s. 6d.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from: A. B. (Navenby); Anon. (Harrogate); Verna; H. F. Bromley (Shropshire); Mrs. H. Thompson (Droxford).

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

FLOODS!

"JOHN BULL" the ONLY Paper to pay Storm and Flood Benefits

People in stricken villages marooned; bridges swept away when rivers burst their banks; main streets turned into rushing torrents—these are some of the consequences of the recent floods.

The damage done in JOHN BULL homes is widespread, particularly in the North.

JOHN BULL representatives are hard at work investigating the damage to property. As fast as their reports are received welcome cheques are being despatched to the sufferers.

FIRST BATCH OF CHEQUES.

WEST AYTON.
A. Sedman, East Ayton; Robert Wilson, 3, Bridge Cottages.

THIRSK.
G. E. Minikin, Prospect Cottages, Bridge Street; A. Simpson, 5, Waterside, Bridge Street; Edwin Ward, 12, Finkle Street.

RUSWARP.
Mrs. C. Johnson, The Carrs; R. H. Walker, 4, Waterloo Cottages.

STOKESLEY.
John Grange, Leven Side; F. J. [illegible], Leven Wynde; S. Howton, West [illegible]; H. C. Bowes, West End; Mrs. H. [illegible], Leven Side; H. Sanderson, High [illegible]; T. E. Clarkson, North Road; Mrs. [illegible]stone, North Road; Mrs. M. Fraser, [illegible]nn; Robert Simpson, Market Place.

The following have also received Flood Benefits recently :—

PLAISTOW, E.13.—Mrs. M. Read, 113, St. Mary's Road.

NOTTING HILL, W.11.—Mr. S. Crane, 37, Talbot Grove.

ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.8.—C. A. Bruce, 1, Belgrave Mansions, 274, STEPNEY GREEN, E.1.—Mrs. J. Lewis.

NORFOLK.—C. F. Sanders, 7, Church Street, Little Walsingham.

WORKSOP.—J. Pearson, 16, Central Avenue.

HAMMERSMITH, W.6.—Mrs. B. Cheppell, 60, Richford Street.

FOREST GATE, E.7.—Mrs. E. Holmes, 79, Khedive Road.

STAFFORD.—Mrs. M. Holland, 5, Union Buildings.

ST. HARWOOD, LANCS.—Mrs. M. Hull, 5, James Street.

TAMWORTH, STAFFS.—[illegible], 10, Archer Row, Bolehall.

CHORLEY, LANCS.—Jas. Hall, 15, Pilling Lane.

LIVERPOOL.—Mrs. O. E. M. [illegible], 461, Grafton Street, Dingle.

BLACKBURN, LANCS.—Mrs. Law, 42, Hamilton Road.

WALSINGHAM, NORFOLK.—[illegible] Wright, 4, Church Street.

Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, Accident, "John Bull" covers you free.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 9/8/30.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to [illegible] agent for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature

Age .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't send cash. A certificate setting out the full [illegible] conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B.

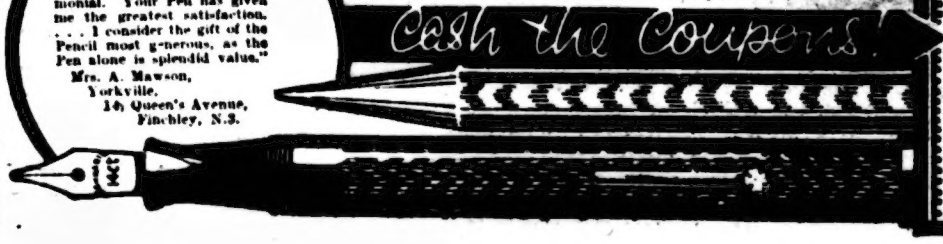
JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PEN OFFER

"SPLENDID VALUE."

"It is with pleasure that I send this unsolicited testimonial. Your Pen has given me the greatest satisfaction. . . . I consider the gift of the Pencil most generous, as the Pen alone is splendid value."

Mrs. A. Mawson,
Yorkville,
14, Queen's Avenue,
Finchley, N.3.

Cash the Coupons! Grasp this opportunity to become the possessor of the famous JOHN BULL Pen fitted with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped. With each pen is presented a 3/6 Everpointed Pencil Free, heavily plated, complete with re-fills. Written guarantee accompanies both pen and pencil.



'John Bull's' Pen Coupon Value 6d.

Two of these Coupons (value 6d. each) will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the JOHN BULL Pen.

For the 5/- Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 4/-
For the 3/6 Pen send 2 Coupons and P.O. for 2/6.

Add 3d. for postage and insurance in each case.

State if fine, medium or broad nib is desired (cross out grades not suitable). Name engraved in gold on Pen, 6d. extra. Give name or initials required. Cross remittance [illegible] & Co. (make payable to JOHN BULL).

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GO FOR THE "BULLETS" RECORD!

LAST WEEK TO WIN 1,000 GUINEAS

IMAGINE the feelings of the delighted *Bullets* competitor who receives on Friday, August 29, the news that he has won our Record August First Prize of 1,000 Guineas! Why shouldn't that mighty thrill be yours?

For a few minutes spent with the *Examples* on this page, that staggering prize, or any of the other big Holiday Cheques ranging from £100 down to £2 10s., may be your harvest.

All you have to do is to add TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* given and a *Bullet* is made. Suppose, for instance, you choose the *Example* BLIGHTED HIS LIFE, the added words "CLOUD" OVER EX-CONVICT'S NAME complete a typical *Bullet*.

Before making up your *Bullets* study carefully the winning efforts below, all of which have won big holiday cheques. Since this offer will not appear again, keep this page before you, and see that your entry reaches this office by Saturday, August 16.

£742-10s. AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £350, COMPETITION No. 767:

Mr. F. Bailey, 85, Anne of Cleves Road, Dartford, Kent.
Example:—IN ONE ROOM
Bullet: MORALS DESTROYED—MORAL, BUILD!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. Leonard Jones, 26, Gladstone Road, Chesham, Bucks.
Example—What She Talks About
Bullet—Three-three"—He, "Three-thirty."

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. Nimrod Jones, 41, Gwaelod-y-Garth, Merthyr Tydfil.
Example—Glowing Tribute
Bullet—Left The World Brighter."

OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS

£20: Mrs. A. WALTON, 86, Albany Road, Doncaster.
Hitting Out — Government We'd All Second.
Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

£19: V. THOMAS, 49, Enys Road, Camborne.
In One Room: Many Human Documents Penned."

£18: Mrs. G. A. RYAN, 141, North Bank Road, Batley, Yorks.
At Mrs. Grundy's Funeral—Measured Tread? Treading Measures!

£17: Mrs. S. BOWDEN, 7, Victoria Road, Torquay.
Landlady's Harvest—Hymn—"Go Ye Thankless —."

£16: J. STEWART, 9, Park Avenue, Hexham.
Glowing Tribute — To Wife, "Fireside" Husband.

£15: S. C. ROBINSON, Stone House, Matterdey.
Fruitful Soil—Every *Cloud* Silver Lined.

£14: D. TEES, 111, Allison Street, Glasgow.
In One Room—Overcrowding Thins Them Out!
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

£13: R. T. PROCTOR, 36, Cadrawd Road, Swansea.
Fruitful Soil—Mendicant "Turned Up" Again.

£12: L. H. THOMSON, 22, Granville Park, London, S.E.
Returning Unexpectedly — Wealthy — The Weather "Broke."

£11: Mrs. A. M. SCOBY, Rye House, Keivedon.
Shaking Hands — But Carefully Facing Camera.

£10: J. T. HARKER, Croft House, Conisgby.
Engaged Couple—Want Wedding—Wed, Wanting.

£9: H. DARBY, 15, Ebberly Lawn, Barnstaple.
Cool, Calm And Collected—She—Sea—And He.

£8: Mrs. A. DOWNING, 1562, Stratford Road, Birmingham.
Doing Something—Nobody's Done, Soon Overdone.

£7: J. S. DENNIS, 26a, Chetwynd Road, Southsea.
Parliament's Sitting, But — Only Thing "Grasped"—Mace!

£6: J. ARMSTRONG, 35, Grosvenor Terrace, Newcastle, Staffs.
Landlady's Harvest—Summer's "Fleece," Winter's "Lining."

TWO PRIZES OF £5 EACH

H. STACEY, c/o H. Hopson, Cotgrove, Church Road East, Parkstone.
At Mrs. Grundy's Funeral—Mourners, *Prude* And Prejudice.

R. LITTLEJOHN, 27, Princes Street, Withernsea.
Landlady's Harvest—Grew It With "Crust."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.
A list of 80 12s. 6d. and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £5 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winner of the first three "Bullets" prizes in Competition No. 770 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £350 awarded to the First Prize-winner in competition No. 765 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Hastings, Alexandra Street, Southend-on-Sea.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the best being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this is to be an express condition of entry.

4. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 770

EMPIRE TEAM
BEAVERBROOK AND ROTHERMERE
END OF THE SLUMP
PUBLIC PROPERTY
BLIGHTED HIS LIFE
PULLING THE TRIGGER
IN A NEW DRESS
GOING TO THE WALL
WAVE OF POPULARITY
MERELY
STICK TO THE TRUTH AND SPELLS TROUBLE
SEASIDE AIR
TIME, THE ENEMY
EVERY NATION
IN THE TRAFFIC JAM
HOUR OF OPPORTUNITY
ABOVE US
CHEQUERED CAREER
HE SIGNED THE PLEDGE, BUT
MUCH SIMPLER
NOT A BIT
RUNNING SMOOTHLY
NEVER WORRIES
AN OLD STAGER
EXTRA WORK
PROFITING BY EXPERIENCE
FLIGHT OF IMAGINATION
LET'S HOPE THAT
BETWEEN THE SEXES
SUNNY DAYS
TALKING BUSINESS
BOMBSHELL FOR PARLIAMENT
FROM FIRST TO LAST
SURPRISE FOR THE SCEPTICS
FOR A WEEK
HUMILIATING
THE BEST PART
IN SELF-DEFENCE
UNSEEN

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 16.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(770) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d. Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 16.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(770) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 16.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(770) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address _____

Enter your full name and address on each coupon

Example _____ Closing SAT. Aug. 16.
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(770) P.O. No. _____ Signed _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 770, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Every week regular readers of *Bullets Bulletin* are stepping up into the prize-list—you also will find its free weekly help invaluable. Apply for a free specimen copy, enclosing a halfpenny stamped envelope addressed to yourself. Or, better still, make sure of the next 12 issues by sending crossed P.O. 6d. (to cover postage) made payable to JOHN BULL. Address:—"Bulletin" Department, Odhams Press, Ltd., 12, Short's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

NEXT WEEK 50 HOLIDAY PRIZES AND 250 HOLIDAY SURPRISES!

How Do YOU Feel?

WHEN YOU ARE NERVY, TIRED, DISPIRITED AND "DONE" YEAST-VITE WILL SOON MAKE YOU BRIGHT AND ALERT!

It is well known that Summer is a time of great Health Disturbance.

The "tide" of Health and Vitality is at a low ebb—sapped by the dark, sunless days of winter. The body has accumulated poisons which lack of vigorous exercise has allowed it to store.

Many now find themselves overcome by a strange Fatigue and Listlessness—a longing to "Laze" and a disinclination to exert themselves.

Nerves become "frayed"—the necessity of being "cooped up" when one is longing to be out in the open "away from it all" Depresses the Spirits.

All this indicates the need for a QUICK and SURE TONIC such as "Yeast-Vite" so admirably provides.

Firstly, because it supplies the Vital and Immediate Need—i.e. Vitamin Nutrition., *Secondly*, because it acts SURELY and QUICKLY. *Thirdly*, because it is one of the finest agents for Ousting Accumulated Poisons from the Body, Purifying the Blood Stream, Steadying the Nerves and awaking the Sluggish internal Organs. *Fourthly*, because its beneficial effect is LASTING.

Our Secret!

The Young and Old of either sex can take "Yeast-Vite" with the Utmost Confidence. It is readily absorbed by the Weakest Digestion and contains nothing harmful, being an Accurate Scientific combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiæ), Vitamins (especially the *All*-Important Health Vitamin B) and other Tonic Ingredients as prescribed by Leading Specialists.

YOU should start a course of "Yeast-Vite" Tablets TO-DAY!

Only "Yeast-Vite" could make possible this Amazing Health Time-Table!

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS .	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES . .	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE . .	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION. .	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES" . .	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION .	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION. .	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINUTES
RHEUMATISM .	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION .	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD .	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

No proprietary rights are claimed in the method of manufacture or Formula other than the registered trade mark "Yeast-Vite."

NO CURE NO PAY!

OUR GREAT

£5,000 GUARANTEE

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full without quibble or question under a £5,000 Guarantee.

"By George, I feel Better already!"

Take your Health in hand AT ONCE! The mere fact that you are unwell proves that your body needs VITAMINS! How can you expect to get well unless you FORTIFY your System with "YEAST-VITE"?

"Yeast-Vite" is a TONIC-NUTRIENT which gives you the POWER to FIGHT and WIN the Battle of Health!

TONIC Yeast-Vite TABLETS

BRAND

From All Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Per Bottle.

T.C.B.

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